
THE
LADIES'
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

MAY, 1825.

MADAME CAMPAN.

JEANNE LOUISE HENRIETTE GENET, was born at Paris, on the 6th of October, 1752. M. Genet, her father, had obtained, through his own merit, and the protection of the Duke de Choiseul, the place of first clerk in the office of the Minister for Foreign Affairs. Literature, which he had cultivated in his youth, was now the solace of his leisure hours.

Surrounded by a numerous family, he made the instruction of his children his chief recreation; and omitted nothing that was necessary to render them highly accomplished. The progress of the youthful Henriette, in the study of music, and of foreign languages, was such as to surprise the first masters; the celebrated Albanége instructed her in singing, and Goldoni taught her the Italian language. Tasso, Milton, Dante, and even Shakespeare, soon became familiar to her. But her exercises were particularly directed to the acquisition of a fine style of reading. From prose to verse, from an ode to an epistle, a comedy, or a sermon, she was instructed to pass, with the requisite variations of modulation and delivery.

Rochon de Chabannes, Duclos, Barthe, Marmontel, and Thomas, took pleasure in hearing her recite the finest scenes of Racine. Her memory and genius, at the age of fourteen, charmed them; they talked of her talents in society; and, perhaps, applauded them too highly.

Mademoiselle Genet was spoken of at court. Some ladies of high rank, who took an interest in the welfare of her family, obtained for her the place of reader to the princesses; and a week afterwards she left her father's house.

Her presentation, and the circumstances which preceded it, left a strong impression on her mind. "I was then fifteen," she says, in a memorandum which she did not intend for the press; "my father felt some regret at yielding me up, at so early an age, to the malignity of courtiers. The day on which I first put on my court dress, and went to embrace him in his study, tears filled his eyes, and mingled with the expression of his pleasure. He enumerated all my little accomplishments, to convince me of the vexations they would not fail to draw upon me. 'The princesses,' said he, 'will take pleasure in exercising your talents; the great have the art of applauding gracefully, and always to excess. Be not too much elevated by these compliments; rather let them put you on your guard. Every time you receive such flattering marks of approbation, the number of your enemies will increase. I am warning you, my love, of the inevitable trouble attached to the course of life on which you are entering; and I protest to you, even now, whilst you are thus transported with your good fortune, that, could I have provided for you otherwise, I would never have abandoned my dear girl to the anxieties and dangers of a court.' "

Mademoiselle Genet, at fifteen, was somewhat less of a philosopher, than her father was at forty. Her eyes were dazzled by the splendour which glittered at Versailles. "The Queen, Maria Leckzinska, the wife of Louis 15th, died," she says, "just before I was presented at court. The grand apartments hung with black, the great chairs of state raised on several steps, and surmounted by a canopy adorned with plumes; the caparisoned horses, the immense retinue in court mourning, the enormous shoulder-knots, embroidered with gold and silver spangles, which decorated the coats of the pages and footmen; all this magnificence had such an effect on my senses, that I could scarcely support myself when introduced to the princesses. The first day of my reading in the inner apartment of the Princess Victoire, I found it impossible to pronounce more than two sentences; my heart palpitated, my voice faltered, and my sight failed."

At court, where favour leads to fortune, the regard with which the Princesses and the Dauphiness honoured Mademoiselle Genet, was soon observed. Her establishment was talked of, and she soon afterwards married M. Campan, whose father

was Secretary of the Queen's closet; Louis 15th bestowed on her a pension of 5000 livres, and the Dauphiness secured her a place as *femme de chambre*; allowing her, at the same time, to continue her duties as reader to the Princesses.

Shortly after this event, the Dauphiness became Queen, and during a period of twenty years, Madame Campan never quitted Marie Antoinette; she was present at the unfortunate marriage festivities, she soothed and consoled her amid her difficulties, and her distresses, until she became a prisoner in her own capital. After the atrocities of the French Revolution had, in part, subsided, Madame Campan retired to an obscure retreat, there to weep over the misfortunes of the royal family. She had endeavoured, but not succeeded in her endeavours, to share the Queen's captivity; and she expected, every moment, a similar fate. After escaping, almost miraculously, from the murdering fury of the Marseillois; after being repulsed by Petion, when she implored the favour of being confined in the Temple, denounced and pursued by Robespierre, and entrusted, through the entire confidence of the King and Queen, with papers of the utmost importance, Madame Campan went to conceal her charge and indulge her grief at Coubertin, in the valley of Cherreuse. Madame Auguire, her sister, had just committed suicide, at the very moment of her arrest. The scaffold awaited Madame Campan, when the 9th of Thermidor restored her to life; but did not restore to her the most constant object of her thoughts, her zeal, and her devotion.

A new career now opened to Madame Campan. The information and talents she possessed, were about to become useful to her. At Coubertin, surrounded by her neices, she was fond of directing their studies; as much to divert her mind for a time from her troubles, as to form their disposition and judgment.

This maternal occupation had caused her ideas to revert to the subject of education, and awoke once more the earliest inclinations of her youth.

It will presently be seen, that Madame Campan had neither the treasures nor the authority of Louis XIV. at her disposal, for the realization of her plans. "A month after the fall of Robespierre," she says, in a most interesting document, "I considered all the means of providing for myself, for a mother seventy years of age, my sick husband, my child nine years

old, and part of my ruined family. I now possessed nothing in the world but an assignat of five hundred francs. I had become responsible for my husband's debts, to the amount of thirty thousand francs. I chose St. Germain to set up a boarding-school; that town did not remind me, as Versailles did, both of the happy times and first misfortunes of France, while it was at some distance from Paris, where our dreadful disasters had occurred, and where people resided with whom I did not wish to be acquainted. I took with me a nun of l'Enfant-Jesus, to give an unquestionable pledge of my religious principles. I had not the means of printing my prospectus. I wrote a hundred copies of it, and sent them to those persons of my acquaintance who had survived our dreadful commotions. "At the year's end I had sixty pupils; soon afterwards, a hundred. I bought furniture, and paid my debts, I rejoiced in having met with this resource so remote from all intrigue."

She was now to reap the fruits of ten years' experience at St. Germain. The organization and conduct of the establishment of Ecouen, for the education of the orphan daughters of the deceased members of the Legion of Honour, was confided to Madame Campan, by Buonaparte. Count Lacepede, the pupil, friend, and rival of Buffon, then Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honour, assisted her by his enlightened advice. The watchful attention which the health, instruction, and even the recreations of three hundred young persons required; the religious duties which formed the basis of their education; the distribution of their time; the methodical and graduated exercise of the powers of their understanding; the harmony of their principles, and attainments, with their fortune, and the rank in society they were destined to occupy; the difficult art of seizing the principal features of a character, discriminating good from bad qualities, destroying the germ of the one, and encouraging the others; and of maintaining order and promoting emulation amongst so many pupils of different ages, inclinations, and tempers, without exciting pride; all these cares of a complicated administration, all these details of so elegant an employment, appeared easy, simple, and natural, when Madame Campan was seen to fulfil them. This praise even her enemies could not deny her. At all hours she was accessible to every one; hearing all questions submitted to her, with the greatest equality of temper, and deciding them with extraordinary presence of mind; never

addressing admonition, reproach, or encouragement, but opportunely. Napoleon, who could descend with ease from the highest political subjects to the examination of the most minute details; who was as much at home in inspecting a boarding-school for young ladies, as in reviewing the grenadiers of his guard; to whom every species of knowledge, every occupation, seemed familiar; whom it was impossible to deceive, and who was not unwilling to find fault—Napoleon, when he visited the establishment at Ecouen, was forced to say, "It is all right."

A second house was formed at St. Dennis, on the model of that of Ecouen. Perhaps Madame Campan might have hoped for a title, to which her long labours gave her a right; perhaps, the superintendence of the two houses, would have been the fair recompence of her services; but her fortunate years had elapsed: her fate was now to depend on the most important events. The orphans of Ecouen, from the windows of the mansion which served as their asylum, saw, in the distant plain, the fires of the Russian bivouacs, and once more wept the death of their fathers. Paris capitulated. France hailed the return of the descendants of Henry IV.: they reascended the throne so long filled by their ancestors.

This moment, which diffused joy amongst the faithful servants of the Royal family, and brought the rewards of their devotion, proved to Madame Campan a period of bitter vexation. The hatred of her enemies had revived, and the new government abolished the establishment at Ecouen.

After so many troubles, Madame Campan sought a peaceful retreat. Paris had, for some years, been insupportable to her. One of her most beloved pupils, Mademoiselle Crouzet, had married a physician at Mantes, a man of talent, distinguished for information, frankness, and cordiality; Madame Campan paid her a visit. This abode pleased her. She soon took up her habitation there. A few intimate friends formed a pleasant society, in which she took pleasure. She enjoyed, with surprise, a little tranquillity, after so many disturbances. The revisal of her memoirs, the arrangements of the interesting anecdotes of which her Recollections were to consist, were the only affairs which ever diverted her mind from the one powerful sentiment which attached her to life.

The day before her death, "My friend," she said to her

physician, "I throw myself into the arms of Providence; that is the only invisible support that can sustain us. When her codicil was presented for her signature, her hand trembled; "It would be a pity," she said, "to stop, when so fairly on the road." The day she died, her window was opened, the sky was clear, the air pure and fresh. "This resembles the air and climate of Switzerland," said she; "I passed there two months of unmixed happiness." Her dissolution rapidly approached, and a moment after, she was no more. Her friends witnessed her decease on the 16th of March 1822.

THE VILLAGE PATRIOT.

THE footway from Hampton-wick, through Bushy-park, (a royal demesne,) to Kingston-upon-Thames, had been for many years shut up from the public. An honest shoe-maker, Timothy Bennett, of the former place, "unwilling (it was his favourite expression) to leave the world worse than he found it," consulted an attorney upon the practicability of recovering this road for the public good, and the probable expense of a legal process for that purpose. "I do not mean to cobble the job," said Timothy, "for I have seven hundred pounds; and I shall be willing to give up the *awl*, that great folks might not keep the *upper leather* wrongfully." The lawyer informed him that no such sum would be necessary to try the right. "Then," said the worthy shoe-maker, "as sure as *soles* are *soles*, I'll stick to them, to the *last*." And Lord Halifax, the then ranger of Bushy-park, was immediately served with the regular notice of action; upon which, his lordship sent for Timothy; and on his entering the lodge, his lordship said, with some warmth, "And who are you, that have the assurance to meddle in this affair?"—"My name, my lord, is Timothy Bennett, shoe-maker, of Hampton-wick. I remember, an't please your lordship, to have seen, when I was a young man sitting at work, the people cheerfully pass by my shop to Kingston-market; but now, my lord, they are forced to go round about, through a hot, sandy road, ready to faint beneath their burden; and I am unwilling to leave the world worse than I found it. This, my lord, I humbly represent, is the reason why I have taken this work in hand." "Begone," replied his lordship; "you are an impertinent fellow." However, upon mature reflection, his lordship, convinced of the equity of

the claim, began to compute the shame of a defeat by a shoemaker, desisted from his opposition, notwithstanding the opinion of the crown lawyers, and re-opened the road, which is enjoyed by the public without molestation to this day. Honest Timothy died about two years after, in the seventy-seventh year of his age, and was followed to the grave by all the populace of his native village.

[We lay the following letter, without delay, before our readers, who will, we trust, deeply commiserate the unhappy condition of our friend "Faint-heart." We shall gladly receive from our friends any notice of it with which they may favour us, as we doubt not the matrimonial interests of many of the fair sex are deeply injured, by the prevalence of a similar malady among the "Lords of the Creation." EDITOR.]

To the EDITOR of the LADIES' MONTHLY MUSEUM.

MR. EDITOR,

As I know you to be a person "approved in prudence and the words of counsel," I am induced to lay my most unfortunate case before you, without the least disguise, soliciting both your sympathy and your advice.—I have never intended harm to any one; the reason, therefore, for which I have met with such a multiplicity of adverse incidents, it is impossible for me to divine.—You must know, sir, that I was born of reputable parents, who, living in the country, pursued, with success, the occupations of husbandry.

But, alas! I was destined, if not for a happier, yet a more genteel, situation in life, and was therefore sent to school, with the professed object of becoming a gentleman.—And, to make a long tale short, having attained a smattering of Greek and Latin, and moreover studied the elegant accomplishment of dancing, I was sent out into the world at the age of eighteen, and began to study physic at Edinburgh; where the earliest of my disasters took place.—I had not been there long, when, having received an invitation to a ball, I went as languishingly attired as my purse would admit. It was there I encountered the eyes of Miss Jemima Carolina Philadelphia Sheepness, who, no doubt, read the tender passion I had conceived for her, in my eyes. But woe, inexpressible woe! when going down the middle, I chanced to tread upon her toe; and though

about to make the most handsome apology my confusion would permit, she gave a scream, which turned all eyes upon my awkwardness; while she accompanied her glances towards me, afterwards, with such a look of superlative disdain, that I really had not the courage to speak.—Vexed as I was with myself, I went, the next morning, to her house, to beg a private interview; which being, after much entreaty, granted, I made every due apology, and towards the conclusion, offered to take the liberty of squeezing her hand with a little more warmth than the rules of common acquaintance permits; for which presumption, I received such a stunning box of the ear, that to hide at once my shame and my indignation, I sought, once more, shelter in my own dark lodgings. I then resolved to give up all thoughts of becoming a favourite with the ladies; till, some time afterwards, Miss Janet Richelieu once more revived the flame. I had seen, and even addressed her in public frequently; though without having given her any idea of the nature of my feelings towards her.—At length, with most heroic firmness, I ventured to repair to her residence; with the intention of so doing, and was accordingly ushered into her presence. But what could be the cause of my silence, I cannot tell; for having entered, I sat with her for upwards of ten minutes, when nothing passed between us but mutual askings after each other's health, and one short observation upon the cloudiness of the weather, which I ventured to make. Finding myself in this awkward situation, and being much embarrassed, I at length rose, and wishing her good-morning, hurried home with the utmost precipitation. Since that period to the present, some few years have rolled away; and during the interval, I have often attempted to pay my addresses to several of the fair sex, but always find the same unfortunate diffidence, and a kind of palpitation at my heart, whenever I am about to speak. If either you, good Mr. Editor, or any of your kind readers, would favour me with a remedy to this weakness, I should feel much obliged. I shall be much gratified if you would insert this, that it may meet the eyes of some one duly qualified to advise, direct, and counsel the future efforts of, Mr. Editor,

Your obedient servant,

TIMOTHY FAINTHEART.

MY FIRST ATTEMPT TO SEE A PLAY IN LONDON.

To the EDITOR of the LADIES' MONTHLY MUSEUM.

SIR,

MANY years ago, when I was rising fifteen, (as the horse-dealers and jockeys have it,) I had a holiday granted me, of two days only, to visit a cousin of mine in London, who had very recently left our village to be clerk to a merchant in the city; but who, unfortunately for me, could not leave his office a moment earlier than four in the afternoon, or, as all the world now call it, morning. Our village was about thirty miles from town; but as a night coach passed through it, London might easily be reached time enough for a late breakfast. That vast metropolis I had not then seen, and my anticipations of pleasure on getting my two days' leave of absence, were such as I cannot now describe, though I can feel that I shall never experience the like again. I principally remember, that to see a London play, was my great ambition; I had heard and read much about the theatres Royal; I had even seen a sort of puppet-shew exhibition in a barn, miscalled a play, but now I was to see the thing itself!

Oh! as I rode out of the village on the top of the coach one April morning, the guard's horn twanging, the horses curveting and capering, and the marvellous long whip of the coachman just touching a leader's ear; and when I beheld my companions, Will, and Jack, and Tom, and all the rest of the poor devils I had left behind, loitering about the road, and giving "a long, last look" after us, how really I pitied them; I positively felt as though I could have walked upon the very air, or

"Rode on the whirlwind, and enjoyed the storm."

Well, sir, onwards we travelled; I all anxiety for London, and quite vexed that we had so many stupid fields, and woods, and rivers to pass, all of which were no novelty to me—I wanted London, nothing but London. At length, I understood we were approaching it, and at last had the felicity to hear the wheels rumbling over the pebbles of Whitechapel.

It is not worth troubling you with my wonders and disappointments at the appearance of the Metropolis; suffice it to say, that I

reached my cousin's lodgings, where I was expected, just after he was gone to business, and just before it began to pour with rain in the true cat-and-dog style; not an April shower, believe me, but a regular set-in sort of thing, which the dull morning had promised all the way we came, and now set about performing with a vengeance. This was rather awkward, as I had intended to ramble about till noon, returned to dinner at four; however, I solaced myself with the prospect of my evening's amusement, and a ramble to-morrow morning before the coach started by which I was to return. I therefore took my breakfast and a book, with great complacency; but when this was over, and I had lengthened it out all I could—and when twelve, one, two, and three o'clock had, one after the other, sounded from the steeple of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, near which my cousin's apartments were situated, I found that I had become quite hypped. I had been to the window about a thousand times, but, unlike Noah, could neither see dove nor olive-branch; nothing but rain, rain, rain. My prospects were, a baker's shop opposite, an occasional coach passing, and lots of tops of umbrellas, which completely hid their bearers; I could indeed tell the difference of the sexes as they passed, by the occasional music of a pair of pattens—every thing is musical appertaining to woman!

I ordered a fire to be lighted for company; and for the sake of having something to do, viz. poke it. I had pretty nearly exhausted my cousin's last supply of Walls'-end, (he had them in fresh and fresh, by the half bushel,) when he returned, half-drowned, to dinner. Meaning to treat me genteelly, he had ordered Mrs. Muggleton, his landlady, to send half a leg of mutton, with a pudding under it, to the baker's, which soon after made their appearance, "done to death," (as Lord Strangford says in his translation of Camoens;) or, in plain English, burnt to cinders. We were almost too vexed to eat; but we thought, with Hamlet, "the play's the thing," and so made the best of a bad bargain, hurrying our dinner and glass of toddy over, (that genteel article, Cape wine, was not then in vogue,) so as to be able to dress for the play; for we meant to do the thing handsomely, and go to the boxes; my cousin not having seen a play in London any more than myself, owing partly to the recency of his arrival, and partly to the state of his finances.

Now, sir, fancy us dressed fashionably; at least we fancied

so; and fancy has much to do with these matters; and waiting in silent expectation for the return of Betty, Mrs. Muggleton's maid of all work, who had been dispatched, somewhat against her will, for a hackney-coach. First, one rumbled up to the end of the street, and then another; but all seemed to pass on, till at last we had the pleasure to see Betty's black bonnet poked out of a coach-window, as she was directing a Jarvey to the house where he was to take up; I knew little of Jarvies then, though I have had some experience since, and I hailed the approach of this one as a sort of deliverance from purgatory. Down fell the crazy iron steps with a most delightful rattle, and out bounced Betty, whom we were not long in succeeding in the occupation of the vehicle; while she stood with the house-door in her hand, and a black pout on her lips, which spoke her evidently ready to shut it with a bang, as soon as she might be decently authorized so to do.

"To Covent-garden," said my metropolitan cousin, with a clerk-like dignity, and bang went the door too—I mean Betty's door, for Jarvis still held that of the coach open, and, as it seemed, very foolishly asked, "What part of Covent-garden?" "The theatre, to be sure," was our indignant reply. "Oh! certainly," said he, if you please;" and bang came his door too, and we were as snugly seated as heart could desire. We laughed monstrosly, especially my London cousin, (who thought he knew a thing or two,) at the man's stupidity in not conceiving at once that we wanted to go to the theatre. This, and a variety of other chit-chat, brought us to Bow-street, where every thing seemed wonderfully quiet, and by no means so brilliant in the way of lights as I had expected; however, coachee drew up to the portals of the theatre, for the first time in his life, perhaps, without having several companions there; this time he was *solus*. Well, out we jumped upon the steps, and then began the invariable squabble about the fare, which is any thing but fair! respecting which, he was very saucy, but gained his point, and got five shillings from us; saying, very drily, as he pocketed the cash, and let a person into the coach, who had hired it the moment we got out, "The doors will be open on Monday next, gentlemen!" "Monday next!" said my cousin; "Monday next!" said I; and we repeated the same ejaculation some dozen times; but we could make nothing of it, except that the theatre was shut; that was clear enough.

As it still rained as heavily as ever, we were compelled to take shelter under the arch-way of a court just by, where we found a poor ragged urchin also sheltering, or rather looking as if he intended to pass the night there. Thinking he might be a hanger-on upon the theatres, and therefore likely to inform us why the house was shut, we ventured the enquiry; "Vy, gemmen," said he, "the reason is, because as how its Lent, and I thinks they call this here PASSION VEEK!!!"

Passion week!—Here were a couple of fools—April fools—and of their own making! Without meaning a pun, I never was in a greater passion in my life; why did not the rascally coachman tell us before we left the city, we wondered; but he knew better; and here we were in thin black silks, and thin dress pumps, and thin dress every thing; no coach to be had; and the prospect of an agreeable walk back. The aforesaid ragged urchin tendered his services to get us a hack, and we gave him sixpence to do so; but after shivering in our comfortless situation another half hour, found it was in vain to expect either boy or coach; for by that time he had made himself comfortable with our sixpence, not caring what became of us; we therefore returned to Bishopsgate-street, like a couple of drowned rats, and went sulky and supperless to bed.

The rain continued all next day, so as to prevent my seeing any of the lions of this metropolis; and in the afternoon I set off by the coach to get laughed at in the country, for the result of this, my first attempt, to see a play in London.

I am, &c.

JOHN BROWN.

J. M. L.

SWEDISH CHILDREN.

MR. M'DONALD, in his Travels through Sweden, says: "Young children, from the age of one, to that of eighteen months, are wrapped up in bandages, like cylindrical wicker baskets; which are contrived so as to keep their bodies straight, without interfering much with their growth. They are suspended from pegs in the wall, or laid in any convenient part of the room, without much nicety, where they exist in great silence and good humour."

TARA'S HALLS.

BY A BRITISH OFFICER, TO A FRIEND IN ENGLAND.

In yonder silent castle born,
Unknown she wastes her youth away;
Sighing she meets the breeze of morn,
Tearful, she marks the eve decay.

THE traveller in Ireland, who visits that country led by the harp of Thomas Moore, must have stopped at Tara, and seen the little shingled-roofed cabin, all moss green, which leans against a broken tower amidst the traditionary ruins of that mouldering palace of the ancient Irish kings. Its inhabitant bears a name, which once reigned there; an old man he is, palsied and grey-headed, but with an eye that yet speaks of Conn and his hundred battles.—He hath a daughter, his sole companion; but more of her anon.—Their only attendants are a sturdy middle-aged couple, proud of the duty they fulfil, and wild as the glens around them. The woman, kirtled in brown drugget, bare-footed, and bare-headed, the solitary representative of the many noble damsels who, afore-times, habited in costly gems, stood here waiting on the palace ancestors of yon lowly cabin's inmates! Her husband, tall, muscular, and with a front bold as a lion, but courteous as if born an usher to kingly favour, looked the servant, the sentinel, the resolute champion of the deposed majesty within. With all this, he wore no more dignified livery of office, than a pair of rough brogues; a shag great coat, girdled round the loins with a cow tether; shock hair, unkempt and grizzled; and a potatoe spade, usually in his brawny hand. This couple, with two or three young and naked children (whom I saw sporting, like so many dusty little Cupids, amongst some crumbling heaps before the castle's broken dykes,) live in a low mud hovel at no great distance from the yet-revered precincts of royalty, now no more.

Always a lover of nature, and lately marched into that neighbourhood with my recruiting party, at times I rambled about alone; wandering down the remotest glens, or ascending the misty heights; where I often descried the mountain hut, peep-

ing from under the beetling craggs, or stuck, like an eagle's nest, in the rocky clefts of the promontory beyond.—If I entered beneath the little ever-open portals, I did not then seek amongst their hospitable inmates, for well-limbed, careless-hearted lads, to swell my muster-roll; I talked with the fathers I found there, of the strong young hands around them, well adapted to cultivate the several wide wastes of luxuriant soil, which seemed to ask their industry; the rank green weed growing abundant, where the spade and the sower might soon produce the corn-field and the garden.

“But who is to buy the corn and the garden-stuff, your honour?” replied one of these honest patriarchs of old Erin, leaning his sinewy lank arms on a potatoe-hoe, and standing between two of his sturdy-looking, but pale-visaged, sons; “who buys even this potatoe-harvest, to pay the bit rent for the ground and the cabin?—Bring ye first the landlord to poor Ireland, with his court, and his treasury; and then ye may see old Tara's mountain flourish again; and O'Connor's people, no more a scattered herd of wild creatures.—Och, your honour, tell them but to build yon walls again, and bide there!—yet nae, nae; the master still reigns there! and the meal-tub, and the milk-stoop, will aye fill with the blink of his ee!”

Could I dispute away the generous, the self-consolatory loyalty of such a man?—It was the cordial of life to him and his; and though the liquor might be a phantom, it was spirit to spirit;—and could I, with any cold reasoning of this or that, dash away a cup, which made the mourner smile through his tears, and the hungry lip feel as if a banquet fed it. These people, according to poor Teague's own expressive language, have long been a neglected, dispersed race, abandoned to hirelings, too often consequent extortioners.—Hence, the memories of the forsaken and oppressed, cling to the last posterities of the ancient lords of the soil, even centuries after the sceptre has been taken from them.—And why is it?—They do not lament merely the torn plumage of the royal bird, but the riven wings, which formerly sheltered them.—They remember the native princes of Ireland, as benefactors rather than sovereigns; and until the present landholders of the country, supersede the promptness of those recollections, by similar benefits—“the newer glory, dimming the old!” it cannot be wondered at, that people of so much imagination as the Irish, and of such warm

affections too, connected with any shew of kindness, should thus tenaciously cherish a sort of superstitious reverence of good times long gone by, and worship their image, even to the last relics of a perished dynasty.

With these impressions, I often visited the cabins of the mountain, and of the glen; frequently roamed far into the more distant wilds of the adjacent country; sometimes on horse, sometimes on foot; but always receiving even a jocund welcome, after the first start of alarm at my military garb had subsided into the confidence, sought by my out-stretched hand, and proved it might be given, by the loneliness of my appearing amongst them. I can safely say, I never smelt the reek of the prohibited poteen-vat assail my nostrils under any of these roofs; nor did they ever put my duty and compassion at variance, by presenting me a drop. Such is the natural true courtliness, if not the more delicate discretion, of an Irish peasant, when treated as an honest man. Some visitors of the country, partial to local influences, might attribute this, to the yet vicinity of the crumbling walls that once were Ireland's palace; but the more generalized traveller knows, that the genuine spirit of the soul's elegance, courts can neither give nor take away; nor does the splendid, or the rustic garb, brighten or obscure its lustre. Such a spirit I found in the peasant, at his turf-bog, digging against cold, hunger, and threatened distraining for rent!—such a spirit I saw at the humble board of a prince by descent, but abandoned to oblivion and poverty, eating the scanty bread of independence, in the depths of a hopeless degradation. How I came to invade the usual privacy of any one of this sequestered race, yet existing amidst the ruins of their former thrones, a few pages more shall explain.

It was my chance, last March morning, to pluck my sham-rock in a little green nook, amongst the broken-down aisles of what had once formed a sort of cloistered way, between the battlemented towers, and the royal apartments of old Tara. None who ever visited that spot, can forget it. When I wandered thither on that Saint Patrick's morning, the dazzling reflection of the just risen sun, lay broad and silvery on the great, grey, centre-tower. The mouldering, pillared stone-work of one solitary window, which alone looked from this tower, was just visible among its clinging ivies. Dew sparkled, and

dropped from the heavy pendant leaves; as if the wailing Banshee of poor desolated Tara had lingered there, and wept, ere night's flying shadows called her to chase their shrouded darkness. But it was now full morning, and nature smiled around—smiled even in these her fresh and fragrant tears:—at least so I felt it; for imagination could see and feel the present beauty, while shedding her sad memories over the faded past. But it was not imagination alone, which then shone upon the scene. A fairer than any bright mourning spirit of this ruined pile, appeared from amongst the thick underwood, between the adjoining buttresses. She started at sight of me; and I, not less, at so sudden and beautiful an apparition. A form was presented to my eyes, so light, graceful, and transcendently lovely, that, for a moment, I gazed speechless! The hue of her dress, was the colour of the shining shrubs she stood amidst; but of its shape or fashion, I could give no account. Long glossy hair of a golden-flaxen fell around her, like a mantle of light; being of equal length, from the polished forehead where it divided, to the waving tresses which enveloped her shoulders, to far beneath the waist. Her eye, of heaven's blue; her parted, breathing lips, as she gazed in astonishment upon the stranger, are not to be described. I bowed in reverence to such celestial beauty, in such a place! and, in my confusion, dropt the bunch of shamrocks I had gathered. She glanced on them, as they fell; and, smiling, came gently forward.

“Whatever you are,” she said—and the voice was sweet as Erin's own harp, “you love Ireland—though you wear a colour that has often caused us to fear its red shadow!” What I uttered in reply, at the time, I hardly knew; but she afterwards told me, the words my evident agitated confusion faltered out, were these “I love Ireland—for she has often been kind to me as a stranger, and in this coat; which, however, has never yet been stained with a tear from her eye.” I spoke to the grand-daughter of the aged Duachandon, the landless prince I heard so much of from the cotters of the glen; and when I bowed again, on ceasing, she smiled even more beautifully than before; but with an air of youthful dignity, which meant to say who she was; and in a few words more, she invited me to the morning refreshment of her grand-sire's board. In crossing the grassy path-ways

which led through the ruins, to the wider green space where Duachandon's cabin sheltered under his crumbling, but ivy-canopied towers, I learned from my fair conductress, that the humble door we were approaching, never closed on the way-faring man, who sought its hospitality on foot, or on horseback; but when the roll of a carriage was heard, and its gay travellers within, alighted to explore those decaying walls, the old prince thrust his bolt into its guard; and none stirred out till the palace precincts were left to their solitude again. A few minutes brought me, not merely under the royal roof, now so lowly, and yet so proud and revered, but into the presence of the grey-headed monarch himself. His granddaughter announced me, as "a wandering soldier, who had never harmed hoof or hand, in the orphan land!" "It is well.—He is welcome," returned the old man; "the inn yonder, beyond the glen, may furnish regale for Erin's step-fathers, and task-masters.—I know them not! Sadeb, my child, spread for the stranger." She obeyed, with such a grace, as that with which Eve may have culled the fruits of Paradise; and I soon found myself seated by his side, at the board her gentle courtesy had promised me. The table was small, but covered with a linen cloth, spotless as the snow-white hand which passed over it, "on hospitable cares intent." Oatmeal, and potatoes, with fresh, fragrant butter, and, as pure a beverage of milk, formed the whole of the repast.—But the latter was served in a large silver cup, which yet bore the crozier of St. Patrick on one side, and the wreathing dragon of Conn of a hundred battles, on the other.—A heap of gathered shamrocks lay at my host's right hand, with a broken-pointed short sword, under a crucifix, upon them. I looked on the scene with reverence and pity;—who but respects fallen greatness! I pitied the sufferings of the forsaken country—the perpetuated indignation in consequence—I pitied the prejudices on both sides; which induced the present owners of the land, to consider residence there, a banishment; and, too often, the natives themselves to fail in duly estimating the honest patriotism of those landlords who came to live amongst them.—It was in this mistaken spirit, the haughty Duachandon shut his cabin-door against the nearer approach of any visitants to the ruins, whose equipages and style declared their rank to be that of splendour and power. In vain I urged to him, that many

came as I did, with veneration of the pile, and him who yet dwelt in it.—He shook his grey locks. “I will believe it,” cried he, “when I do not hear their laugh resound in those echoes! You did not so greet my grand-daughter!—Sufficient, I know the Hand above, that has laid us in the dust, and bow to it.—But for such revellers—let them gaze, and scoff, at yon crumbling tower of Tara; but it would fall, should the last son of them, who, with a frowning brow even in death, sleep beneath it, welcome with smiles the trampers on their graves.” Sadeb, who had listened, anxiously, like a hovering, ministering angel, at her grand-sire’s side, took his agitated hand, and kissed it. “I am yet more than a prince,” cried he, in a tone of piercing emotion, pressing her fair forehead with his other hand, “while I possess thee!—But when I am gone—” he paused, and his lip quivered.—Almost unconsciously I put my hand on both theirs. The action conveyed my heart with it; and the old man understood me, for he wept and blessed me. “To-morrow,” he added, “I will tell you of my ancestors—What she might have been!—now, her blood and virtues are all her dower.” Sadeb trembled, and clinging to the aged arm, that blessed her too, hid her tearful face in his garments. My own recalled tumults, at that hour, will not now allow me to add more.

EUGENE.

(*To be continued.*)

SISTERLY AFFECTION.

SOME years ago, an Indian female, who had an only brother confined for debt at Bopal, enlisted as a common soldier, and exposed her person to all the dangers and difficulties of a military life, for the generous purpose of raising money sufficient to procure his liberation. She entered into Scindia’s army, where she served for two or three years, without the slightest imputation on her character, or a doubt as to her sex. When the secret was at length known, it produced but increased respect and attention from her comrades; and not a single individual presumed to utter a word that might insult her delicacy, or hurt her feelings. When Scindia learned the affectionate cause which caused her to embrace the military profession, he ordered her discharge to be made out, and furnished her with a letter to the Nabob of Bopal, warmly recommending both herself and her brother to his favourable notice and protection.

DECEPTION;

A Tale.

(Concluded from page 212.)

PAINFUL were the feelings of Amintor during his journey; he was now returning to a spot, from which an unhappy attachment had banished him; and leaving in that to which he had fled for refuge, one no less inauspicious. He, however, resolved to confine himself to the town; never to renew his intimacy at his uncle's, and not to ask a question about Matilda. His whole soul was now Amelia Stanmore's; and to her alone, he resolved his future life should be devoted. Alas! weak youth, he little thought of the dreadful catastrophe which was so speedily to snatch him from that life and all its golden dreams, and drag within the vortex of their ruin, two amiable beings whose virtues merited a better fate. He had been about a fortnight in Bristol, when he met with Mrs. Marsden in the street. However small his inclination to view this lady with the eye of friendship, politeness would not suffer him to pass her wholly unnoticed. In return for his salute, she stopped to converse with him; and, on learning his present circumstances, assumed an unexpected tone of friendship, and so pressingly invited him to visit her, when his business would allow him leisure, that he was unable to resist, in spite of the resolutions he had formed to avoid the possibility of an interview with Matilda.

In a few days after, he complied with this invitation. The reception he met with from Mr. Marsden, whose feelings were regulated only by the vacillating humours of his lady, was perfectly friendly. Matilda, while expressing her real satisfaction at their meeting once more, addressed him with an air of embarrassment; this he attributed to shame for her former neglect; with which, he failed not, when an opportunity presented itself, most seriously to reproach her. Far, however, from acknowledging the justice of his complaints, Matilda retorted on him the charge of indifference; assured him that she had steadily persevered in her attachment to him; that she had invariably resisted many efforts which had been made to oblige her to yield to the importunities of his rival, who, tired out with her obstinacy, had long desisted

from tormenting her, and was then on the point of marriage with the daughter of a wealthy farmer, who had listened more favourably to his suit; that she had, in defiance of the most rigid treatment, and the most terrifying menaces, repeatedly written to him, delivering her letters to the old housekeeper, who solemnly assured her of having forwarded them, and of never having received the looked-for answers. The treachery of the wretch was evident; she was unable, when questioned, to deny that she had betrayed them to her mistress, and regularly delivered to her all the letters which she had received from either; and that it was by her direction, and at the instigation of a bribe, that she had asserted to Amintor the fatal falsehood which had so cruelly embittered his peace. The indignant youth would have overwhelmed her with curses, but was withheld by the remonstrances of Matilda, who dreaded the occurrence of any thing which could again draw the attention of her relation, to a subject which had been made a reason for so much harsh treatment as she had formerly endured. These fears, however, were groundless; a revolution had taken place in the sentiments of Mrs. Marsden. That lady, who made no scruple of sacrificing the character of consistency to her notions of interest, now looked upon the affair in quite a different light. She saw the hopes of a match between her protégée and their wealthy neighbour, terminated by the change in that gentleman's inclination; she considered the prospect of wealth which Amintor's present situation opened to him, as placing him on an equality with any suitor by whom the hand of Matilda was likely to be sought. Matilda must receive a marriage portion; and should any circumstances, as was extremely probable, have occurred to make up the breach between Amintor and his uncle, she was still in danger of losing a portion of her expected wealth. She had, besides, been much censured by the world for having been the means of depriving the young man of Mr. Marsden's esteem; she therefore chose to exert herself in healing the dissensions she had herself caused, and was now as anxious to promote what she considered must still be the object of Amintor's wish, as she had formerly been to prevent it. She, therefore, took an opportunity of making some apologies to him for her former behaviour; and told him, that the hand of Matilda, with a portion of five thousand pounds was now at his disposal. Conceiving that she had overwhelmed

him with delight, she soon left him, but in a state of mind how different to that which she imagined! In what a horrible perplexity was he now involved! The recent explanation had shewn that Matilda was innocent, nay, that what she had endured for his sake demanded his warmest gratitude; on what grounds could he then reject her, now that every obstacle was removed? But then the beautiful, the affectionate Amelia; could he desert one whose every hope of happiness centered in him? To define the state of his thoughts, would have been impossible even to himself. To both these amiable girls was he equally pledged; and to which ever party he should do justice, he felt that he must break the heart of the other. Irresolute, however, how to act, he suffered the information of the intended marriage to be that evening conveyed to Matilda, without the power of making any opposition, and listened in stupid silence to the arrangements which were made for the celebration of it in the course of the ensuing week. On his return home, he found a letter awaiting him; it was from Amelia. Alas! how different were the emotions aroused by the sight of that well-known hand, from those with which he had formerly viewed it. It was filled with sentiments of the most tender regard, sentiments which he had himself drawn from her by an impatient expression of his fears, that she would forget him; and in terms, more glowing, perhaps, than some over rigid advocates for female decorum would approve, but which Amintor knew to be the warm effusions of an innocent and devoted heart, declared she entertained no thought of happiness in which he had not a share. Frantic at the thoughts of the injury he was about to inflict upon her, Amintor resolved to invent some excuse, though as yet he knew not what, to put off the intended nuptials; and answered the letter in a style of corresponding tenderness. The pressing demands on his time made by his necessary employment, absolutely prevented him from immediately revisiting his uncle's house. When he went thither, it was with the purpose of revealing his situation to the old gentleman, and asking his advice; but alas! every preparation for the fatal wedding had been made: the day on which he had himself agreed it should take place, had arrived. A numerous party had assembled, and many were the congratulations he received on his imagined happiness. It was too late to recede: he was unable

to attempt it. The marriage ceremony was performed; the bells rang forth a merry peal; mirth and festivity prevailed among the gay circle of their visitors; and the numerous tenants of Mr. Marsden, whose rank would not permit them to assemble at the splendid board, celebrated with rustic merriment and unfeigned delight, the union of two persons whom all esteemed, whom all knew to have suffered so much for each other, and whom they considered now fated to revel in bliss unchangeable. The delight of Matilda was unbounded at thus finding herself united to the object of her first, her undeviating attachment. But, alas! while every face around him beamed with joy, how wretched was the heart of Amintor! yet he smoothed his brow, and joined, in appearance, in the general mirth. A fortnight elapsed: no letter arrived from Amelia. He was astonished; for he had expected that she would have overwhelmed him with reproaches, when she should learn, as soon he knew she must, that he had deserted her. The dreadful calm was at length broken. He received a letter from London: the seal was black; the impression, the arms of the Stanmore family; the writing was not Amelia's. With tremulous anxiety he tore it open. The contents were as follows:

“ Sir,

“ In addressing you, I am charged with the execution of two most opposite commissions,—to express to you the indignation of a father, whom your perfidy has rendered childless; and the forgiveness of a sister, on whose too confiding, gentle nature you imposed, whom you seduced from her duty, and on whom, with unprecedented barbarity, you have inflicted a base, a torturing, a mortal wound—Amelia Stanmore is dead! Ten days ago, she read, in a public paper, an account of your marriage, and immediately fell senseless on the floor. All present, among whom were Sir George and myself, astonished at the accident, hastened to her relief. The mystery was but too soon elucidated. In removing a part of her dress, to afford her the necessary assistance, your letter, sir, your last letter to that injured excellence, was found, closely pressed to that heart which had become too sincerely your's, and which you ungratefully had given up a prey to disappointment and despair. The fury of Sir George was unbounded, and as soon

as my unhappy sister regained her senses, would have burst in execrations on her head, had I not on my knees intreated him to spare her, at least, till she should have recovered from the shock her feelings had sustained. Alas! that time never arrived. She was conveyed to bed, where, speechless, motionless, tearless, she lay for several days insensible to every attempt to restore her. The first intimation she gave of returning sensation, was a search for the letter which I have mentioned. When she found she had been deprived of it, she fixed her eyes on mine with a gaze most painfully intense; then, as if suspended recollection had rushed in an instant on her mind, she burst into a flood of tears. Presently seizing my hand, she exclaimed, 'Write to him, Clarinda; tell him he has murdered me; but do not curse him;—tell him, I forgive him.' The unhappy girl never spoke more, and in a few minutes after expired. I have complied with the injunctions of this dying saint, in conveying to you her last words. I spare the comments on your conduct which my father has ordered me to make; the reflections which will accompany you through life upon this unhappy event, will be sufficient punishment."

When Amintor had read this fatal communication, he sunk into a state of lethargy almost as profound as that into which his injured Amelia had been plunged. For some hours, he was insensible to every thing around him; then starting wildly, he rushed into his chamber. A case of loaded pistols was lying on the table. He snatched up one of the fatal instruments; he gazed around him with frantic desperation; he thought himself a monster, a blot in the creation. "Thus, thus, alone," cried he, "poor, dear, injured innocence, can I atone for the wrongs I have done thee!" He pressed the murderous trigger; the contents of the weapon penetrated his heart, and in an instant the rash youth passed into a dreadful eternity. Matilda, the poor unconscious Matilda, revelling in the hope of years of future bliss, had just returned from a walk with one of the most intimate of her female acquaintance. She had been pouring forth her thanks to Providence, for the bliss with which she imagined now her future life was to be crowned. The report of the pistol was heard: alarmed, they rushed up stairs. Heavens, what a sight! Amintor, lifeless, bathed in blood, lay extended on the floor. Matilda saw; she shrieked,

and sunk senseless on the inanimate body of her husband. Never since has the light of reason revisited her brain; years have passed away, and time has triumphed over her once glowing charms; but alas! the fatal scene is ever present to her imagination; and often has the relator of this tale shed tears of pity, on hearing her wild and incoherent ravings. Peace, poor Matilda, to thy troubled mind! May that kind Being, who, for his own wise ends, permits the existence of calamity in this state of trial, when it shall please him to release thee from thy dreadful load of life, receive thee to those regions of unutterable bliss, where sorrow never can intrude! May the dreadful fate of these unhappy lovers teach impetuous youth to indulge no passion which their natural guardians disapprove; and may those natural guardians also learn to exercise with mildness that authority with which they are invested,—not to tyrannize over, but to protect, their children's happiness.

H.

A FAMILY MAN'S ANSWER TO A CHALLENGE.

Two friends happening to quarrel at a tavern, one of them, a man of hasty disposition, insisted on the other's fighting him next morning. The challenge was accepted, on condition that they should breakfast together previous to their going to the field, at the house of the person challenged. When the challenger arrived next morning, according to appointment, he found every preparation made for breakfast, and his friend, his wife, and children, all ready to receive him. Their repast being over, and the family withdrawn, without the slightest hint of their fatal purpose having transpired, the challenger asked the other if he was ready to attend! "No, sir," replied he, "not until we are upon a par; that amiable woman, and those six innocent children, who just now breakfasted with us, depend solely upon my life for their subsistence; and until you can stake something equal, in my estimation, to the welfare of seven persons, dearer to me than my right hand, or my right eye, I cannot think we are equally matched." "We are not, indeed!" replied the other, giving him his hand; and they became, from this time, firmer friends than before.

RECOLLECTIONS

OF ONE THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED AND NINETY-EIGHT,
IN IRELAND.

THE Irish rebellion, planned in secrecy, but conducted without system, had just broken out. The British government surrounded, on every side, by domestic as well as foreign foes, seemed paralyzed by the unexpected nature and overwhelming magnitude of this tremendous evil. Distrust, dismay, and terror, were spreading on every side; the country was fast depopulating of those whose duty it was to have braved the storm, and to uphold the cause of loyalty and order. The links by which society is connected into order, beauty, harmony, and strength, were rent in twain. A master spirit only was required to reduce this existing mass of treason, rebellion, and discontent, into one organized system of resistance; and then England's crown would have been dimmed of its lustre; and the Emerald Isle had, for ever, been dissevered from the British sway. It is not my intention to enquire into the causes of so extraordinary a convulsion; nor to trace the steps by which a neglected, degraded people, were goaded into rebellion, and maddened into desperation. I leave to the statesman the solution of this political problem—that a land over which nature has scattered with a lavish hand her choicest favours; whose sons are hardy, and brave, and generous; whose soil is fruitful; whose prowess in the field, and eloquence in the senate, proclaim her no unfavoured object of national glory—whence a country so situated, so blessed, is now known only as the arena of political controversy and disorder, and the theatre of depravity and crime—I will not speak of the responsibility of those by whose misrule this garden of Eden has become an Aceldama. Mine is a different task. I will attempt to describe, but not to trace to their source, some of the scenes of desolating misery by which my native land has been long afflicted and rent.

The sun had risen in more than usual splendour; and the charm of the ripening spring had diffused something of cheerfulness over hearts worn out by anxiety, and depressed by apprehension. The punctual arrival of the Dublin mail was

an omen in general of no unsatisfactory kind: on this day it was anticipated with more than usual impatience. The arrival of the late Marquis Cornwallis to assume the viceroyalty of Ireland, had excited an unusual anxiety as to his military as well as civil government. On his energy and talent depended the hopes of thousands, and the welfare of all. Hour after hour had now past in a state of fearful indecision; hope and fear alternately occupying every bosom. No mail arrived—ignorance of real events invested imaginary ones with frightful and appalling circumstances of horror, and sanguinary massacre.

After the lapse of several hours, the fearful truth, however reluctantly believed, forced itself upon our minds in all its wonted terror. The mail had been intercepted, attacked; and no survivor remained to tell the cruelties of an infuriated mob, soldiery I cannot call them, on the defenceless and unoffending passengers. After the intense anxiety by which the mind is perplexed has subsided, we naturally sink into inactivity and listlessness. Such was our case. Our apathy, however, was but of short duration. A person habited as a private individual, was, about mid-day, seen to approach the town with rapid progress.—The exhausted condition of the horse, as well as that of its rider, evidently proclaimed that their errand was of no ordinary nature. Conjecture was soon in busy exercise. Within a few hours the nature of his business was but too truly announced by the death of the herald; who was, by the summary process of martial law, ordered for immediate execution, having been taken in the act of rebellion and treason, as the bearer of dispatches intended for one of the rebel leaders; but which, by a most providential circumstance, were delivered to one of the yeomanry, of the same name. The dispatches announced an intended attack upon the town on the succeeding morning, and disclosed the mode and nature of the attempt; and by an act of dissimulation, justifiable only by the emergency of the case, the messenger was enticed to discover the particulars as far as they were arranged before he left the rebel army. The town of Carlow was, at this moment, in a most defenceless condition.—All the troops had been withdrawn to join the grand army, with which the Viceroy was marching to repel the invasion at Bantry-bay. Every precaution, however, was adopted; the volunteers were immediately under arms. The beating of the drums, and the call

of the bugle, announced something of impending danger. The few regular troops which could be hastily collected, were placed in the post of honour. In the mean time, printed notices, signed by the chief civil and military authorities, commanded the town's-people to repair to their respective homes.—No man was to be found absent from his family after eight at night. All was now conjecture—dismay—and terror. Fame with her hundred tongues sent forth a thousand rumours. Each man had his story, from authority; but every man's story differed from his fellow's—all, however, agreed that we were on the eve of some tremendous crisis. The military were themselves uninformed, precisely, of what was expected. Thus passed the day; nor did night bring any mitigation of our apprehensions. Silence reigned throughout the town; darkness of the deepest hue brooded over it—a few, worn out by toil, alone yielded to the influence of sleep: the far greater number, however, awaited with painful anxiety and apprehension the denouement of that event, whose fatal consequences they confidently anticipated. About eleven o'clock, the western horizon was lighted up in awful splendour; majestic columns of fire pyramidically ascended to the highest heavens. It was soon ascertained that this was the first act in that dismal tragedy which, in a few hours, was to plunge us into all the actual experience of the miseries of a civil war.

The town of Timmoline, about ten miles distant, was the victim on this occasion: being set on fire in various directions, its destruction was inevitable and rapid. The conflagration, at one period, was tremendously awful: the flames mounting in spiral columns; whilst, ever and anon, they were, for a moment, suppressed by the falling of the various buildings; and then rising in majestic grandeur, throwing their red glare on the murky gloom of midnight, and tinging the clouds with their dazzling brilliancy. Every heart trembled; and every imagination painted to itself the distress of the wretched, houseless outcasts.—At this time, many stragglers had reached our town; imploring, for the sake of God, and of suffering humanity, a home, and a shelter. These were soon succeeded by others; women flying with their infants; parents seeking, in all the anguish of distracted minds, their helpless babes; Rachel in all the agony of bereavement weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted, because

they were not. Still, still the tide of suffering and affliction rolled its dark waters, with increased velocity. The number of these destitute children of sorrow rapidly increased. The first intimation of their calamity, burst upon them with appalling violence. Its sudden, its unexpected occurrence, deprived them of the power of resistance. Safety could only be found in flight; and as each family, with rapid flight, escaped from the devouring element, the mingled multitude threw them into one dense mass of fugitives—Husband and wife—parent and child—brother and sister, became separated: whilst each with hasty step fled from the overwhelming destruction, each hoping to find his mate, when lessened danger should permit a halt. The cry of disappointed hope; the shrieks of anguished sorrow; the weeping and wailing of that night, can never be effaced from the mind—they yet dwell with tremulous emotion on the heart and feelings. Offices of mercy, deeds of charity, works of benevolence, terminated the day. The outcast was received with welcome, his nakedness clothed, his hunger satisfied, his sorrows commiserated, his feelings soothed, his wants relieved. The stillness of midnight now succeeded to the tumult of imploring suffering. The horizon gradually lost its fiery glare, the work of destruction had been completed, and the rapacity of the devouring element, like that of the brutal force by which it had been kindled, had now, by satiety, relapsed into inactivity and repose. Now and then the dying embers shot forth a livid glare, rendering the darkness of the night more visible and more terrible.

(To be continued.)

DRAMATIC EFFECT.

It is related in the annals of the stage, as a remarkable instance of the force of imagination, that when Banks's play of the Earl of Essex was last performed, a soldier who stood sentinel on the stage, entered so deeply into the distress of the scene, that in the delusion of his imagination, upon the Countess of Nottingham's denying the receipt of the ring which Essex had sent by her to the queen to claim a promise of favour, he exclaimed, "'Tis false! she has it in her bosom;" and immediately seized the mock countess to make her deliver it up.

EXTRACT

FROM MRS. PARKE'S DOMESTIC DUTIES.

Mrs. L.—UNDER what circumstances is advice to be taken, and to be requested?

Mrs. B.—The elder members of families are often disposed to fancy their juniors incapable of judging and acting for themselves; and, thence, urgently press their opinions and advice upon all occasions, whether of importance or of insignificance; thus disgusting where they wished to benefit.

The young, on their part, are generally too presumptuous, and averse from counsel, which may not, in their opinion, be sufficiently flavoured by the fashions of the day. Did they consider that the practice and opinions of their seniors, have borne the test of experience, while those of the present time have their value still to be proved, they would, perhaps, be more willing to pay the proper tribute of respect and attention that may be given to them; and by this they may sometimes be spared the purchase of experience at too dear a rate.

It is not, however, judicious to seek advice on every occasion, or to act upon it indiscriminately. This would show a weak character, or tend to produce one. A proper dependence on self, is essential to right conduct; and where it is wanting neither oral nor written advice can supply the deficiency.

There are many points on which a young married woman finds that her judgment needs the aid of experience; and this will induce her to ask for advice from the best source within her power. If very strict regard to economy be important, the experience of a friend may enable her to put it into immediate practice; in affairs of the nursery, timely advice may prevent some of the grievous effects of ignorance; and in the government of servants too, it may often be useful and avert much inconvenience; for, to be ignorant in the eyes of our domestics, is to place ourselves in their power, the effect of which is shown by their disobedience and contempt. But on this subject more will be said hereafter. On other things, speaking generally, it will be better to consult the judgment and to act according to its dictates, than in every moment

of demur, to seek the opinion of another. Errors of judgment may be the consequences occasionally, but with ripened years they will diminish; and the character will acquire vigour by the exercise of the judgment, sufficient to compensate for a few mistakes.

At the commencement of any new career, the experience of our friends is most advantageous; but it should be regarded merely as a temporary assistance, like that afforded to the child when he first attempts to walk. The support should be diminished by degrees, as strength and courage increase, till at length we may be left to our own pilotage and freedom of action.

One great evil attending the asking advice, arises from the multiplicity of counsellors who may be consulted, and from the consequent diversity of their counsel; for if the opinion of one relation be requested, those who have not been consulted, too frequently imagine this neglect an insult, and therefore are offended. I shall illustrate this to you by a story.

Honoria was a woman of excellent understanding; but having married at an early age, she was diffident of her own judgment; and, even in trifling affairs, acquired the habit of never acting without advice. As she advanced in years, and her judgment became matured, she found many inconveniences attendant on this want of dependance on herself. Sometimes her friends became cool when she hesitated to follow their advice, even though she felt assured, that the ruin of the object she had in view must have resulted from the mode of action which they advised. She at length resolved to be her own adviser, and to act in future upon the dictates of her judgment. When her friends perceived this change in her conduct, they became cool and seized every occasion to censure her proceedings to others; and when she commenced the education of her daughter without their assistance, they evinced their displeasure by an open disapprobation of her measures. Various self-important counsellors, presented each a different system to avert the ruin of the girl, which, they loudly prognosticated, would be the effect of the mother's plan. Melissa would have the dear child dedicate at least five hours a day to music; Kalkbrenner should give velocity to her fingers; Cramer inspire her with the pathos art; and Lanza

modulate the angel voice with which heaven had gifted her. Music was every thing; the soul of society, a companion in retirement, the solace of grief, and the load-star of admiration in every fashionable circle! "But if she possesses no taste for the art?" said Honoria. "Oh!" replied the eloquent adviser, "there are masters who can give it; and you may as well make her a plain piece of housewifery, and confine her to all its homely duties, if you do not complete her in music."

Graphina thought every thing should yield to drawing; because it endows us with an additional sense; and gives a superiority proportionate to the proficiency attained in the art. Quadrilla could form no idea of an accomplished woman, who could not almost vie with a Mercandotti in dancing; while Philologia condemned the injustice of degrading the fair sex, by confining their attention to the keys of the piano, or to the pointing the foot, and acquiring an artificial elegance of attitude from a modish dancing master, when her young friend's memory might be stored with languages, and her judgment ripened by a judicious course of study.

Honoria listened with patience, and when each of her friends had delivered their sentiments, she thus addressed them:

"My kind counsellors, you have placed me exactly in the situation of a traveller, who, journeying to the city on most important business, arrives at a part of the road which divides into several branches, each of which, he is assured by different individuals, is the path he should follow. Distracted by this diversity of opinions, he pauses, and then, reflecting that they cannot all be right, he consults his own judgment; and in ascertaining the point of the compass, in which the city lies before him, he rejects all their advice, and chooses that path which appears to himself to be most direct."

TALMA.

WHEN Talma was once performing Hamlet at Arras, in the fifth scene, where he is about to stab his mother, a military stranger was so overcome by the tragic powers of the actor, that he was carried out of the theatre. His first words on recovery were, "Has he killed his mother?"

 THE OLD BACHELOR.

 No. IV.

Fœcunda culpa sæcula.

A period abounding in vice.

HORACE.

AMONG the various trite subjects which have, from age to age, employed the pen of the moralist, one of the most hackneyed is the increasing wickedness of mankind. "*Ætas, parentum peior avis, tulit nos nequiores,*" says the satirical Roman poet, in the ode from which my motto is taken:—"The last age, worse than the foregoing, has produced us its more depraved progeny." If this maxim were true, it would be highly disgraceful to human nature. Lord Clarendon, a more shrewd observer of mankind than Horace, and a more serious censurer of national character and manners, entertained a less uncharitable and illiberal opinion of his fellow-creatures. He says "If wisdom and understanding be to be found with the ancient, and in length of days, that time is the oldest from which men appeal to the infancy of the world; and this advances more the veneration that is always due to the grey hairs of the aged, who must be presumed to know more than the young; who likewise shall have much to answer, if when they come to be old, they do not know more, and judge better than they could who were old before them. And this is the best way to preserve the reverence that is due to age, by hoping and believing that the next age may know more and be better than that in which we live; and not to rob that of the respect that will still be due to antiquity, by unreasonably imputing it to the time which we have outlived."

That the present age is vastly superior to any preceding period, so far as relates to the state of arts, science, and literature, no well-informed person will be found hardy enough to deny. But it is not my intention at this time to consider the state of society as to its intellectual, so much as to its moral, improvement.

Vice, wherever it prevails, soon displays its odious superiority, by proclaiming its triumphs to the world. The depraved speedily become shameless, and consequently decency

of manners must necessarily imply general propriety of conduct. The late Lord Byron says, "I have seen a great deal of Italian society, and swum in a gondola, but nothing could equal the profligacy of high life in England—when I knew it." But allowing the utmost credit to this sweeping censure, the limited experience of an individual cannot be admitted as decisive of national character. Against his injurious assertion, I beg leave to adduce a picture of court manners in the reign of James I. exhibiting such a state of society as clearly proves that the morals of those in the higher circles are not, upon the whole, deteriorated within the last two hundred years. It is vain to object, that vice is more refined and secret, but not less flagitious, than in the seventeenth century: for where the principal part of a community is become corrupt, outward and visible signs of that corruption will ensue.

While, however, I offer to my readers a disgusting picture of our ancestors, as a contrast to the moral portraiture of our own times, I would intreat them to make the best possible use of it, by regarding it as a warning against all advances towards an indulgence in the worse than brutal practice which it unfolds. Excess in eating and drinking is a most detestable crime, and often leads those who are guilty of it into the commission of even more gross enormities. The most distant approach to intemperance should therefore be guarded against; as it is a vice in which persons gradually become initiated, and which, when confirmed by habit, terminates only with the curtailed and miserable existence of its victim.

The following letter contains an account of a masqued fête and other entertainments, given by King James the First, to his brother-in-law the King of Denmark, and his attendants, during a visit made by that prince to the English court. Sir John Harrington had been a courtier of Queen Elizabeth, and was a man of eminence in his day, in the circles of literature and fashion. The epistle is extremely curious and interesting, even independent of the considerations already proposed; and I shall no longer detain my readers from the perusal of it.

SIR JOHN HARRINGTON TO MR. SECRETARY BARLOW, 1606.

"My Good Friend,

"In compliance with your asking, now shall you accept my poor accounte of rich doings. I came here

a day or two before the Danish king came, and from the day he did come until this hour I have been well nigh overwhelmed with carousal and sports of all kinds. The sports began in each day in such manner and such sorte, as well nigh persuaded me of Mahomet's paradise. We had women, and indeed wine too, of such plenty, as would have astonisht each sober beholder. Our feasts were magnificent, and the two royal guests did most lovingly embrace each other at table. I think the Dane hath strongly wrought on our good English nobles, for those whom I never could get to taste good liquor, now follow the fashion and wallow in beastly delights. The ladies abandon their sobriety, and are seen to roll about in intoxication. In good sooth, the Parliament did kindly to provide his Majesty so seasonably with money, for there hath been no lack of good living, shews, sights, and banquetings, from morn to eve. One day, a great feast was held, and after dinner the representation of Solomon in his temple, and the coming of the Queen of Sheba was made, or as I may better say, was meant to be made, before their majesties, by device of the Earl of Salisbury and others. But alas! as all earthly things do fail to poor mortals in enjoyment, so did prove our presentment hereof. The lady who did play the Queen's part, did carry most precious gifts to both their majesties; but forgetting the steps arising to the canopy, overset her caskets into his Danish Majesty's lap, and fell at his feet, though I rather think it was in his face. Much was the hurry and confusion; cloths and napkins were at hand to make all clean. His Majesty then got up and would dance with the Queen of Sheba; but he fell down and humbled himself before her, and was carried to an inner chamber, and laid on a bed of state; which was not a little defiled with the presents of the Queen, which had been bestowed on his garments; such as wine, cream, jelly, beverage, cakes, spices, and other good matters. The entertainment and shew went forward, and most of the presenters went backward, or fell down, wine did so occupy their upper chambers. Now did appear in rich dress, Hope, Faith, and Charity: Hope did essay to speak, but wine rendered her endeavours so feeble that she withdrew, and hoped the king would excuse her brevity. Faith was then all alone, for I am certain she was not joined with good works; and she left the court in a staggering condition. Charity came to the king's feet, and seemed

to cover the multitude of sins her sisters had committed: in some sort she made obeysance and brought gifts, but she said she would return home again, as there was no gift which Heaven had not already given his majesty. She then returned to Hope and Faith, who were both sick in the lower hall. Next came Victory in bright armour, and presented a rich sword to the king, who did not accept, but put it by with his hand; and by a strange medley of versification, did endeavour to make suit to the king. But Victory did not triumph long, for after much lamentable utterance, she was led away like a silly captive, and laid to sleep on the outer steps of the anti-chamber. Now did Peace make entry, and strive to get foremost to the king; but I grieve to tell how great wrath she did discover to her attendants, and, much contrary to her semblance, most rudely made war with her olive-branch, and laid on the pates of those who did oppose her coming. I have much marvel at these strange pageantries, and they do bring to my remembrance what passed of that sort in our Queen's days, of which I was some time an humble presenter and assistant: but I never did see such lack of good order, discretion, and sobriety, as I have now done.

"The great ladies do go well-masked, and indeed it be the only shew of their modesty to conceal their countenance; but alack, they meet with such countenance to uphold their strange doings, that I marvel not at aught that happens.

"JOHN HARRINGTON."

AURORA BOREALIS.

THIS beautiful phenomenon has never been seen in European countries to the southward of London; at least not in modern times; and yet when we reflect upon the phenomena in early times, to which superstition affixed the appellation of showers of fire, fiery swords, &c. even as far south as Jerusalem, it is scarcely possible to doubt that they have been seen farther south than they appear at present.

In Scotland, the Aurora Borealis was unknown previous to the commencement of the eighteenth century, when the Northern Lights were supposed to be prophetic of the intestine troubles that followed the Hanoverian succession. The same superstition prevails in the northern parts of England, where it

is confidently asserted they never were seen until the execution of the Earl of Derwentwater in 1715, with which event it is not doubted but they were in some degree connected.¹

A living traveller relates a curious fact connected with their appearance in the southern states of North America, which shows with what avidity the imagination raises a superstition on natural phenomena. "In the autumn of 1789," he says, "I was at Norfolk in Virginia, where a frequent subject of tea-table gossip was a prophecy, printed in New England, stating that the world was to be destroyed by fire, on a specific day in November in that year; a prophecy which, absurd as it was, actually made a deep impression even on those who professed to laugh at it. It happened on this very day that I crossed Elizabeth river, and stopped in Portsmouth to spend the evening at a house where there was a large party of both sexes. There the prophecy became the subject of conversation; and the day being nearly past, the whole party were speedily becoming most courageous philosophers. All at once, our ears were assailed by loud murmurs outside. We rushed to the door, and were much astonished at finding the whole population of the place in the street; the greater part of them on their knees, and uttering the loudest lamentations. Attracted by the brilliancy of the heavens, I raised my eyes upwards, and observed a very vivid Aurora Borealis casting its coruscations over more than half the hemisphere. On turning round I saw the whole party on their knees, and evidently in great trepidation. The scene was certainly awful, yet I could not restrain a burst of laughter; when my friends, with the utmost horror, begged me to desist, and not draw the wrath of offended heaven upon them.

"With difficulty I at length persuaded some of them to listen to me, when I assured them that all they saw was a common phenomena in more northern latitudes. I also endeavoured to convince some of the strangers nearest to me, that there was no cause for alarm: but I could gain no converts. I succeeded, however, in drawing my own party back into the house, where I was considered something more than human, for relieving their minds from the horrors which assailed them. Towards midnight the Aurora dispersed, as did the fears of the good people of Portsmouth. On crossing the ferry to Norfolk, I found that the same species of alarm had also existed there to a considerable extent, and was as happily extinguished.

SCENES IN THE EAST.

———Yes, I have learned
To look on man, and traverse distant climes,
Not with the eye of vagrant nothingness,
The wand'ring wish unsated, reckless of its aim!
I seek the past, the present, with their joys,
Soft-fading 'neath new springing bloom.

AFTER travel, or travail, whether in journeyings, or in the pilgrimage of life, how delightful is recollection!—In both, we forget the fatigue and the trouble, when the one has been endured with patience, and the other surmounted by resolution.—Besides, difficulties and dangers enhance the pleasures of subsequent security; and thus, the shadows, as it were, of the future, are necessary to the brightness of its light spots. With such reflections in companion, myself and my reader may gaily ramble together over hill and valley; nay, even unfurl the sail, on the swelling bosom of seas, that do not always promise a halcyon tranquillity.

THE BOSPHORUS!

For instance—Like a coquetish beauty, wooing the curious rover from fair to fair, to dare the bewitching caprice of her smiles and frowns! I have visited it indeed,—such as when Leander swam the Hellespont, and the angry waves lashed the shore, where his fond mistress awaited him, as if the enamoured syren of the deep, were vengeful of Love giving any joys she could not share.—And, if so, the little god has taken his revenge; for, from the dark walls here incarcerating female charms from every clime, Love never smiles.—The glance of a tyrant, is there, over his slaves; but never the soft eye-beam of the lover, courting the answering blush of consenting tenderness.—It was not, however, on Leander's errand I took boat from the good ship that steered me gallantly down the Euxine, and entered the northern mouth of the long neck or rather throat of sea, we call the Bosphorus. So named, Greek legend tells, on account of the Jupiter-inflated bull carrying off Europa, and swimming across its channel to the opposite shore; or rather, some people say, it was poor metamorphosed Io, in her cow-shape, who, driven abroad by the jealous hate of the goddess-wife of this self-privileged

Mahomet of pagan worship, took to the flood, in her way to the freezing pastures of snow-capped Caucasus. All around the traveller in these classical regions, suggests memories which dulness may call pedantic, or ignorance not comprehend; but the play of fancy, dallying with interesting images, even of phantom creation, is not less pleasurable though the snarler may sneer, or the coxcomb gape with his own emptiness.—Give me the mind's eye of the poet, who sees the beautiful forms of ancient Greece yet peopling these Turkish coasts—who hears the lyre of a Sappho, in their evening breeze—who descries from afar, some sweet Hero leaning from her moon-light tower, to hail his wafted bark!

When we entered the Bosphorus, it was early in the morning; the sun rose, and the scene glowed, and sparkled with transcendent beauty. A rich transparent veil, of a Tyrian purple blush, covered the nearer objects; while his bright rays, darting across, lit the mountain tops to so vast a distance westward, that our Reis (the captain of the vessel,) pointed to a high spot in the clouds, which he called Kasdagh, the famed mount Ida.—Could I gaze on such an object, and not see Paris, and the three rival goddesses, hovering mid the sun-beams then playing on its shining crest? The pure ethereal air around me, seemed to intoxicate my senses, and, waking, I beheld dreams, that sleeping vision never drew.—All was enchantment and delight.—I leaned back, on my carpet, on the deck, and abandoned my whole soul to the impressions of the passing panorama. The face of the coast, on each side, is occasionally marked by steep and bold rocks, or hills gently sweeping to the beach; some, of the wildest romantic cliffs; others, luxuriantly clothed with shrubs of every leaf and fragrant blossoming, intermingled with fruit-trees, vineyards, and cypress-groves.—Amongst the latter, on the Asiatic shore, lay the dark Elisian of the Ottoman dead. Our boat, at my request, slowly floated its course along the margin of this most solemn appendage to the great city—the cemetery of its people. Here my gay imaginations paused, and all my contemplations took the awful character of the spot before me.

SCUTARI!

The burial-ground of the Mussulmans of Constantinople; a sad region of mortality, whose vast extent seemed hardly

bounded by the horizon itself, spreading as it hid, westward and eastward, amongst far-stretching woods of cypress, overshadowing tombs without count, and graves of generation upon generation, from that of the infant buried to-day to that of the patriarch gathered to his fathers centuries ago. The marble memorials over these silent chambers of the dead, rise even closer together, than the thickly planted trees that form their gloomy canopies.—Some of the monuments are richly carved and gilt, or painted with various colours. At the head of the grave stands a square pillar surmounted by a turban, the form and hue of which declares the rank of the deceased; a tablet below, contains the appropriate inscription; and a long slab usually covers the body; presenting a surface of flowers, strewn there, fresh and fresh, by the votive hands of constantly attending affection! So, indeed, it appears at first sight; but on drawing near, we find the slab perforated with numerous holes, through which these most lovely offerings to the dead, spring, and blow, and scatter their fragrant leaves on the cold stone beneath.—At night, by moonlight, some solitary mourners of the recently interred, may be discerned, at wide distance from each other, flitting, like sheeted spectres themselves, through the dark avenues of cypress, to each her particular spot of tears.—He must be of harder nature than even the blood-stained corsair of the deep, who can scud his lateen sail past that “city of the silent,” and not feel he is a mortal man, and must one day lay down his head also where “the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.” Childe Harold, who wrote so darkly, still so beautifully, on these scenes, and the terrific passions connected with them—whose imagery, and thoughts, seemed to dwell ever in the gloom of a hopeless future—the soul’s heaviest shadow of death!—he too, has sunk to the tomb!—He is gone to the bourne, where genius can no more mislead, nor passion prejudice;—he is gone, where “Mercy sceptres Justice!”—Therefore, peace to his immortal spirit! and as it was, on the hearse of William Wallace—the banner of a freed country—Greece—whose shores were round me then,—will be his body’s monumental, lasting scutcheon!—Byron, fare thee well! With thoughts like these, I turned from the Turkish cemetery, to the opposite shore, and my eye filled at once with a new and splendid contemplation:

CONSTANTINOPLE!

The proud capital of Islamism; spreading over the undulating line of hills in that direction, with an amplitude of extent, and grandeur of elevation, hardly to be conceived;—The swelling domes of the mosques, and their lofty white minarets, majestically and gracefully contrasted with the high and sombre groups of cypress, which appear as growing spontaneously amongst the various orders of buildings throughout the city.—The sun played, glitteringly, on our gaily painted mast, as the vessel under it lightly skimmed along before this splendid shore.—I gazed, with fixed, fascinated eyes.—The Reis told me, I looked on the seraglio!—It occupies the whole scite of what was ancient Byzantium; and the sparkling waters of the strait itself, from its guardian trench on two sides, but high and strong walls, protect it every where, besides.—Encircling, indeed, one of the most luxuriant gardens of pleasure, that ever the imagination of a faithful candidate for Mahomet's paradise, could fancy and construct.—Golden palaces, and variegated kiasks, rise, as if in fairy land, amidst bowers of thickly foliaged trees, towering cypresses, and the sweetly-cooling branches of the weeping willow.—In passing under the gilded galleries, where the Sultana beauties of Circassia, Georgia, and nearer Greece, come forth behind interlacing flowers, and golden traceries in wire-work, (immured like pretty plumaged birds in cages) to breathe the free air of heaven with the pure sea breeze; I, in vain, strained my sight, to catch a glimpse of something more substantially lovely, than my mind's mere image of the beauty who might be peering, through those gay but close lattices, with a similar curiosity, at the strange garb of the Frank stranger.—I could discern nothing, but the rose, and the climbing jessamine.—The Reis laughed at my disappointed looks—he whispered—"come with me this evening, and you may not regret the jealousy of those windows!"

D.

(To be continued.)

LETTERS FROM A NORTHUMBERLAND CURATE.

No. VIII.

SIR,

On the receipt of my friend's letter, my mind was perplexed and distressed by a thousand conflicting ideas and cares; I evidently perceived that I was on the eve of some momentous event; and that, according to its issue, and the prudence by which that issue should be managed, my future life would be materially affected. I determined, therefore, before I committed myself by answering Jones's letter particularly, to await the gradual developement of some of those circumstances whose occurrence I had anticipated; and in consequence briefly replied to his letter, enquiring after his father, thanking him for his advice, and promising that I would pursue that course of close application so needful in the candidate for a fellowship. Being on the eve of the long vacation, I proposed to retire into Wiltshire, to the family of my former tutor; whither, be it known, I quickly proceeded.—Arrived in this sequestered spot, I devoted myself with all the energy and powers I possessed to a course of reading preparatory to my ambitious projects. Hither I brought all the prejudices of a collegian. The Blagdon Controversy, was, at this time, [raging with all that vehemence and acrimony, by which party spirit is ever sure ultimately to embitter every discussion, however courteously begun. The works of Daubeny, and the essays of the British Critic, were, at this time, my sole authorities in matters of theology. The Pursuits of Literature and the Monthly Review, were my oracles on every subject of science or literature. My venerated tutor had, personally, been concerned in all the controversies, in which the Divines at the close of the last century indulged. He was intimately acquainted with the men, and he well knew their manners—their virtues and their failings were by him well understood: in each, he respected what was commendable, whilst he censured what was blameable. He was no bigot—nor the advocate of any party—He stood aloof from all partisanship. Hence prudence and moderation were the leading and distinguishing qualities of his mind. His opinions were really the dic-

tates of wisdom, matured by observation and the study of mankind—He was, therefore, indisputably, well qualified to restrain the impetuosity, and to moderate the high notions of a young Oxonian. In the expectation of conciliating the favourable opinion of my College, I determined to plunge into the difficulties of the quinquarticular controversy, with all the zeal of a bigot, and all the temerity of a Tyro. I had therefore drawn up a reply to Sir Adam Gordon's pamphlet, in which all the pride of scholarship and the high tone of a novice, were abundantly manifest. This production I placed in the hands of my tutor, expecting his admiration of the talent displayed, if not his approval of the sentiments maintained, in it. How sadly, yet how beneficially, were my expectations destroyed, when the MS. was returned to me, with the following quotation from Bishop Horsely appended to it—"Take especial care, before you aim your shafts at Calvinism, that you know what Calvinism is; lest, when you mean only to fall foul of Calvinism, you should unwarily attack something more sacred, and of higher origin." This apposite, and well merited rebuke, though it destroyed all my visionary expectations of conciliating my Oxford superiors, proved, nevertheless, of the most essential service to me both then and since. From it I learned that it was the duty of every controversialist to understand, before he attempts to refute, the opinions of his opponent: a duty, by the way, very little understood, and therefore very little practised by the writers of modern controversy. Disappointed in this my first attempt at authorship, I determined, under the prudent direction and counsel of my friend and tutor, to study the particular points at this time in dispute.—The result was, a respect for those opinions which I once opposed, and the indulgence of a more candid temper in reference to points of doubtful disputation. Party spirit at this time ran high: and by the bigots on each side it was considered quite impossible that any man, not a sceptic or a republican but must range himself under the banners of one party or the other. In this state of the public mind I returned to Oxford; and my desire of obtaining a Fellowship being generally known in the college, I was importuned to make a public declaration of my sentiments, that my orthodoxy on certain points might be ascertained, before any encouragement should be given to my expectations. Being

thus called upon, I could not as an honest man hesitate to declare my creed both political and theological; and as it was distinguished by a moderate tone, and a respectful deference to the powers that be, I escaped ob'jurgation, but received no encouragement. I soon saw that the road to honour and wealth lay not in the course which I now marked out for my future life; I therefore determined to abandon all hope of the Fellowship, and only to seek honour at my approaching examination. As such a course could not interfere with the good things which "the Common Room" affords to the favoured Foundation-men, I was encouraged, by my tutors, to proceed in this attempt. I was now well read in the writings of the Stagyrice; with Aldrich, I was intimately acquainted; I duly appreciated the beauties of the Greek tragedians; and the *Principia* was as familiar to me as the first proposition in Euclid. Hence, all my fellow students confidently anticipated for me a high rank in the list of honours; nor was I less sanguine of success myself. It happened, however, unfortunately for me, that some misunderstanding of a very serious nature originated between our Senior Fellow and Tutor, and one of the Public Examiners; and to so great an extent did the bad feeling go, that the latter was heard, publicly, to declare that "University should bleed." Upon appearing in the schools, I found myself very uncourteously treated; I was not permitted to manifest what talent I possessed; nor did my examination, in the least, display the extent or accuracy of my reading. At the close of Term, I had, therefore, the mortification to find myself *below the line*. Mortified, dispirited, and vexed, I retired from Oxford; and from henceforward abandoned every hope or desire of University honours, or, College preferment. At this critical period my father's circumstances became greatly embarrassed; the failure of the parties to whom Jones had alluded, having deprived him of half his property. Of course, my means were proportionably reduced; and moderate as was the interest due on my bond, I found myself, at the end of six months, totally unable to discharge it. I had no friend to whom I could apply, but Jones: to him, therefore, driven by necessity, I applied; and in due course received from him a letter, which I shall, in my next, lay before your readers. In the mean time,

I am, Mr. Editor, your's,

A NORTHUMBERLAND CURATE,

(To be continued.)

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HISTORY, &c.

THE HISTORY OF ITALY, from the Fall of the Western Empire, to the Commencement of the Wars of the French Revolution. By George Percival, 1825. 2 vols. 8vo. These volumes relate to a portion of history, relative to which there are but few works in the English Language. Mr. Percival's design seems to have been, to supply a void in our literature; and, to a certain extent, he has done so. He is not qualified to enter into competition with his great predecessors, Hume, Gibbon, and Robertson; but he may, with justice, claim a place beside Hooke, Russel, Coote, and Hallam.

THE HISTORY OF PARIS, from the earliest period, to the present day, &c. 3 vols. 8vo. This publication comprises an interesting survey of the ancient and modern state of the metropolis of our Gallic neighbours. It affords descriptive accounts of the antiquities, public buildings, and various institutions of Paris, together with numerous historical facts and anecdotes, particularly relating to the period of the French Revolution. Such a work was much wanted, and we are pleased to see it so well executed.

LIVERPOOL, its Commerce, Statistics, and Institutions; with a History of the Cotton Trade. By Henry Smithers. 8vo. Much information is contained in this volume, but a great deal of it is not worth knowing, and that which is interesting in itself, is awkwardly reported. Mr. Smithers, in fact, seems to have undertaken a task, by no means suited to his abilities.

NARRATIVE OF A SECOND VISIT TO GREECE, including facts connected with the last Days of Lord Byron, &c. By Edward Blaquiére, esq. 8vo. Mr. Blaquiére seems to have taken upon himself to be the historian of those political revolutions, in which the present age has been so prolific. He has been, not merely a spectator, but an actor, in the scenes which he describes; his work, consequently, has the usual faults of a party publication; but where his prejudices do not interfere, he may be considered as affording useful and accurate intelligence.

SELECTIONS from various authors, who have written concerning Brazil, &c. By Barclay Mounteney. 8vo. As the country of Brazil is at present the object of much interest in England, this well-executed compilation will, undoubtedly, prove acceptable to the public.

TRAVELS THROUGH RUSSIA, SIBERIA, &c. By James Holman, R.N.K.W. 2 vols. 8vo. with plates. The author of this book is afflicted with total blindness, notwithstanding which, he has been an extensive traveller, and an acute remarker on the scenes through which he passed. A few years ago, he published "A Journey through France and Italy;" which, like the work before us, is amusing, not only from the personal adventures of the writer, but also from the curious information which he has collected, and which shows that he must have industriously availed himself of the modes of investigation within his ability. These volumes comprise a statement of the arrest of Mr. Holman, on the eastern confines of Siberia, and his being conducted as a state prisoner back to Russia, where he was liberated. He afterwards made a tour through various parts of Poland, Austria, Saxony, &c. The idea of a blind man, travelling for information, strikes us, at first, as incongruous; but when we consider that the intelligence tourists publish is chiefly acquired from oral information: it becomes obvious that a blind traveller may be an inquisitive investigator, a title which Mr. Holman amply deserves.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE THREE BROTHERS, or the Travels and Adventures of Sir Anthony, Sir Robert, and Sir Thomas Sherley, in Persia, Russia, Turkey, Spain, &c. Post 8vo. 1825. The enterprising tourists, commemorated in this volume, flourished in the 16th century. Their adventures have been previously published, but the present is a more full and connected narrative, than those which before appeared, and supplies much entertaining information.

MEMOIRS AND RECOLLECTIONS OF COUNT SEGUR, &c. Written by himself. 8vo. This auto-biographer has been a busy actor in the transactions of the latter part of the past century, and the beginning of the present. He has been, he tell us, "successively a colonel, a general officer, a traveller, a navigator, a courtier, an ambassador, a prisoner, an agriculturist, a poet, a dramatic author, a counsellor of state, a senator, an academician, and a peer of France. In these various situations, he has seen a vast deal of society and manners, and has been enabled to furnish an amusing volume of "Recollections"

THE LAST DAYS OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON. By F.D. Antonmarchi, his physician. 2 vols. 8vo. All that is really interesting in these volumes might have been comprised in a moderate sized pamphlet.

NOVELS.

LASTING IMPRESSIONS. By Mrs. J. Carey, 3 vols. 12mo.—This is an interesting production, which displays to advantage the writer's ac-

quaintance with life and manners. The design is good, and instruction, as well as amusement, may be gathered from the perusal of these volumes.

EVERY-DAY OCCURRENCES. 2 vols. 12mo., 1825.—Characters, rather than incidents, are exhibited in this work. We have a sentimental Miss from a boarding-school; a pedantic doctor; a whimsical, sporting, country gentleman; a vulgar fine lady, &c. &c. But the portraits are mere caricatures, which display in every page the youth and inexperience of the writer; who will probably get wiser as he grows older, and give the world hereafter something better than "Every-Day Occurrences."

TALES, BY THE O'HARA FAMILY: Containing Crohoore of the Bill-Hook, The Fetches, and John Doe: 3 vols. 12mo.—These tales supply us with delineations of Irish manners, distinguished for their apparent truth and accuracy: certainly, the picture is not always pleasing; but that is the fault of the subject, and not of the artist, who obviously appears to be intimately acquainted with the Emerald Isle, and its inhabitants.

SMILES AND TEARS: comprising Maria Darlington, a Sketch from Real Life, (on recent circumstances); and sixteen other Sketches and Tales, 8vo.—**COLONEL BERKLEY** and his Friends, 3 vols. 12mo.—"Recent Circumstances" are not proper subjects for the pen of the novelist.

DON ESTEBAN; or, Memoirs of a Spaniard. Written by Himself: 3 vols. 12mo.—We have here the professed biography of a Spanish exile; but the work certainly consists more of fiction than fact. The prejudices of the writer have plainly misled him; and spread an air of improbability over his narrative, which displays a disgusting representation of the Court of Spain. There is, however, much amusing matter in these volumes.

THE JOURNAL OF AN EXILE. 2 vols. Post 8vo.—In the introduction to this Journal, we are told that the manuscript of these volumes was written by a young Englishman, who one evening died in a hermitage near Marseilles, with a prayer-book in his hand, a roll of papers by his side, and in the prayer-book was "the portrait of a young lady, with the mildest and loveliest of faces." Notwithstanding this romantic exordium, the journalist deals chiefly in sober truths; and has collected a good deal of interesting information.

THOMAS FITZGERALD, the Lord of Offaley; a Romance of the Sixteenth Century. By Mac Erin O'Tara, the last of the Seanachies: being the first of a projected series, illustrative of Ireland. 3 vols. 8vo.—These volumes contain prose and verse; and are, upon the whole, rather amusing.

POETRY.

MILTON'S PARADISE LOST. Illustrated by John Martin, Esq. Part I. Imperial 4to., and Imperial 8vo.—Those who have seen Mr. Martin's celebrated Picture of *Belshazzar's Feast*, and his more recent pro-

ductions, can entertain no doubt of his ability to embody with the pencil the imaginings of the Muse of Milton.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE POCKET ANNUAL REGISTER, or the History, Politics, Arts, Sciences, and Literature, of the Year 1824, 18mo. 1825.—This is a miniature imitation of a class of works of acknowledged utility. As a first attempt, it is entitled to indulgence. It is well executed, but the plan would admit of improvement. Too much space is allotted to the political history, and too little to the state of literature, whilst the Drama is almost entirely neglected. The publication, however, is, on the whole, deserving of praise.

Intelligence relative to Literature and the Arts.

Sir Walter Scott.—A new novel, by the author of *Waverley*, entitled "The Crusaders," is expected to appear early in May. It will consist of two tales—*The Betrothed*, and *The Talisman*.

Pope Pius VII.—The Life of the late Pope, by Signor Pistolesi, has just been published at Rome.

Bibliomania.—At the sale of the library of the late Mr. Fauntleroy, lately, a copy of Pennant's *London*, illustrated with numerous drawings and engravings, was sold for six hundred and fifty guineas. An illustrated copy of Drake's *History of York*, produced one hundred and thirty guineas; Hutchins's *Dorsetshire*, sixty six guineas; and Howell's *Letters* illustrated, one hundred and forty-five guineas.

Fuseli, the celebrated Painter, died lately at Putney-Hill, aged 80. He was interred in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Ancient MSS.—Signor Maio, a learned Italian, has discovered parts of the historical works of Polybius, and Diodorus Siculus, not known to be extant. He has also brought to light numerous fragments of the Greek comedies of Menander.

M. Courier, a French author, who had written against the Jesuits, has been recently assassinated, under very mysterious circumstances.

Myrianthea.—Mr. Burgis, an ingenious artist, has constructed a series of groups of changeable flowers, intended to facilitate the art of drawing wreathes, festoons and other floral ornaments. The pieces are very numerous, and include a vast variety of specimens, admitting of almost numberless combinations, serving at once the purpose of instruction and amusement.

M. Beranger, the famous French song-writer, lately sold a volume comprising fifty-two new songs, to the booksellers, Boudet and Ladvoat, for 32,000 francs.

EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS,
FOR APRIL, 1825.

THE attention of both Houses of Parliament, has been occupied in the course of this month, by various important affairs. Of these the most interesting are such as are connected with the bill for the removal of the disqualifications under which the Irish Catholics now labour, introduced into the House of Commons by Sir F. Burdett, on the 23rd ult.—A great number of petitions for and against this bill, have been presented, from various parts of England and Ireland; and on the motion for the second reading, on the 19th, inst. a debate took place, which was adjourned till the 21st, when the second reading was carried by a majority of twenty-seven.—Whether this measure will ultimately succeed, is at present uncertain.

Among the other recent objects of Parliamentary consideration, are the regulation of joint-stock companies, and the prevention of the frauds of speculators; the alteration, or repeal, of the existing laws against the combination of workmen; and the removal of restrictions on the importation of corn; which last subject has also been canvassed at a meeting of the merchants, &c. of London, held lately at the City of London Tavern.

At the Clonmel Assizes, a gentleman named Beere, brought an action against the Earl of Donoughmore, for unjust exercise of power as a magistrate, by committing Mr. B. to prison under a false charge of *horse-stealing*. He was tried on the charge and acquitted; and he obtained a verdict against Lord D., with £250 damages.—The newly appointed Bishop of Jamaica landed on that island, in great pomp, on the 17th of February last, and was installed in Kingston Church, with all the accustomed ceremony, in the presence of a large concourse of people.—Dispatches have lately been received from Major General Turner, at Sierra Leone, dated February 5th. They mention the arrival of the troops lately sent out to Cape Coast Castle, and give a satisfactory account of the general state of the colony.—Intelligence has arrived, from Calcutta, that the king of Ava has been assassinated, through the intrigues of the Queen and her relations, who have since been all put to death, and the late king's son placed on the throne. These events may probably lead to an amicable termination of the Burmese war.

The approaching coronation of the King of France, Charles X. will take place at Rheims. Twenty-five members of the Chamber of Deputies will assist at the ceremony, and many others will be present; all the Archbishops and a few of the Bishops will also assist on the occasion; and letters of invitation will be addressed to the Presidents of the Royal Courts of Justice, the Presidents of the General Council of Departments, and the Commanders of Military Divisions. Six battallions of the garrison of Paris,

will be stationed on the road to Rheims, under the command of Generals *Coutard* and *Wale*.—The Duke of Northumberland has been appointed Ambassador Extraordinary to France, from the Court of St. James', on this occasion. It is said, that the expence of the embassy will amount to near'y £50,000, and that it will be borne entirely by the noble envoy himself. There will be in His Grace's train about one hundred persons; one half domestics, the rest gentlemen. The Duke's dress of state, is a dark blue coat, with a stand-up collar; the collar, the cuffs, the front and back, composed of one solid mass of gold embroidery, in leaves, forming a bold scroll; the waistcoat and breeches, white kerseymere. The young noblemen and gentlemen in the suite will wear the same kind of uniform, only less ornamented. The comptroller of the household, and the other upper servants, will all wear court dresses; the coat of dark brown superfine cloth, with rich cut steel buttons, and lined with white silk.

The 23rd inst. being St. George's day, was kept as his Majesty's birthday, when a splendid Levee, the first this season, was held at Carlton-Palace. It was numerously attended by the principal nobility and gentry, Ministers of State, Foreign Ambassadors, and other dignified personages. In the evening, the theatres, public offices, and houses of his Majesty's tradesmen, were brilliantly illuminated.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.—A new treaty of marriage, between Mr. Hayne and Miss Foote, having been commenced, and subsequently broken off, a newspaper controversy has taken place between the friends of the respective parties, as to the rupture; a point which is now become of little interest to the public.—At Westminster Sessions, George Hale was convicted in a penalty of £20, for disturbing the congregation of St. Clement's Church, by interrupting the minister whilst praying for his Majesty. Not being able to pay the fine, he was sent to prison.—At York Assizes, Miss Roebuck, the daughter of a farmer near Doncaster, brought an action for breach of promise of marriage against a person named Dunderdale, by whom she had been seduced; and obtained a verdict, with £500 damages.—A similar case occurred at Taunton Assizes, Gardner against Adams, in which the plaintiff obtained £500 damages.—At Gloucester Assizes, an action for breach of marriage promise was brought against Samuel Ricketts, a gentleman's butler, who was sentenced to pay £75.—The trial of Mr. Henry Savary, for forgery, also came on at Bristol, and terminated in the conviction of the culprit. He has since been respited; and it is expected that his sentence will be commuted for transportation.—At the Old Bailey Sessions, on the 7th inst. William Probert was found guilty of stealing a horse from Andrew Meredith, and received the usual sentence. The prisoner, in his defence, complained bitterly of the public prejudice against him, in consequence of his connection with Thurtell, though which it became impossible for him to obtain any honest employment. He still remains in confinement, and, it is said, will be transported.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

A new comic opera, in two acts, intitled "Abon Hassan," has been produced at this theatre. The music of this piece is by WEBER, the composer of *Der Freischütz*. The story is taken from the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. Hassan and Zulima, the favourites of the Caliph and Sultana, incur the anger of the Monarch, by marrying without his permission. The Caliph swears that he will never relieve the wants of Abon Hassan, till he hears that Zulima is dead; and the Sultana makes a vow never to grant an audience to Zulima, till Hassan breathes his last. The creditors of Hassan becoming very troublesome, he announces to the Caliph the death of his wife; who, by a similar stratagem, makes the Sultana believe that her husband is dead. Both succeed in imposing on their benefactors, and obtain supplies of money; and when the trick is subsequently discovered, they are pardoned and restored to favour. As a drama, this piece is a mere trifle; but the music has much merit, and the opera was received with applause, and has been acted almost every night since it came out.

On the 11th inst, Massinger's play, "The Fatal Dowry," was revived, when Mr. Macready made his first appearance after his late indisposition.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

"The Hebrew Family, or a Traveller's Adventure," a new musical farce, was performed here on the 9th inst, and has been once or twice repeated; but it is too dull and improbable to succeed.

A new tragedy, entitled "Orestes in Argos," was produced at this theatre, on the 20th. It was written by the late Mr. Peter Bailey, author of *Sketches in St. George's Fields*. This drama is founded on the classical story of the assassination of Ægistheus and Clytemnestra, by Orestes, in revenge for the murder of his father Agamemnon.

The principal deviation from the received history, consists in making Orestes kill his mother Clytemnestra, by accident. Mr. C. Kemble performed the character of Orestes, with much ability. Mr. Cooper acted Pylades, the friend of Orestes, and Mr. Bennet personated Ægistheus. Mrs. Bartley and Miss Lacy supported the principal female characters.

THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

This house was opened for the season, on the 18th, with the "Merry Wives of Windsor," and the "Agreeable Surprise." Mr. Dowton acted Falstaff, in the former, and Mrs. Humby, from the Dublin Theatre, made her *debut*, in *Cowslip*, in the latter.



Fashionable Walking & Evening Dresses for May 1895

Invented by Miss Knapton, Edward Street, Portman Square.

Published Monthly by Dean & Son, 13, Fleet Street.

THE
MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR MAY, 1825.

EVENING DRESS.

A DRESS of crape over white satin: the body is low, and brought in folds from the shoulders to the front of the bust, which is confined with a loop of blue satin: the sleeves are short and full, surmounted on the shoulder by satin, brought in points, and confined to a band round the arm, of the same colour. The skirt is fancifully ornamented with pipings of blue satin on the right side, and carried round the lower part of the dress; the hem is finished by a broad hem of satin, surmounted by puffings of gauze confined by satin, brought in points similar to the sleeve.

WALKING DRESS.

A PELISSE of mazarine blue silk, made tight to the form, and trimmed round the shoulders and back with raised welts, confined, at separate distances, by knots of the same, down the front of the skirt, gradually widening towards the bottom, which is finished by a puffing of silk. The hat is of black velvet, surmounted by a rich plume of uncurled feathers.—Limerick gloves, and black kid shoes.

HEAD-DRESS.—The present style of wearing the hair is to divide on the left side, bringing the fulness in front: the curls not so large as last month. The long hair is elegantly drest in bows, mingled with roses, or various flowers.—Ringlets are more worn this month than they have been this season. The head-dress is not drest high, but spreading very much over the head.

For these elegant dresses we are indebted to the taste of Miss PIERPOINT, Edward-street, Portman-square; and for the Head-dresses, to Mr. COLLEY, 28, Bishopsgate-street within.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

THE arrival of His Majesty in London, and his subsequent appearance in public, have, as might naturally be expected, attracted an immense number of the nobility, gentry, and fashionables, towards the metropolis. His Majesty appears so seldom amongst us, that when he does venture out, the whole city appears in commotion. His reception at Covent-garden, on the evening of Monday, the 25th April, and subsequently at Drury-lane, was of the most enthusiastic kind, and will, we doubt not, induce his Majesty to appear oftener in the presence of his faithful and loyal subjects.

A sapphire-blue pelisse of levantine, is among one of the newest out-door spring envelopes; it is lined with white, and trimmed all round with narrow white satin *rouleaux*; the other pelisses for the season are chiefly of *gros de Naples*, and are generally of rose-coloured lavender, or Parma violet; they are trimmed with plumage ornaments, formed of narrow *rouleaux*.

Hats of pink satin, of moderate size, but exceedingly wide in front, are much in repute; they are crowned with a plumage of white feathers. Bonnets of pink *gros de Naples*, are also greatly admired; those we have seen are trimmed at the edge with blond, and falling bows of pink satin in front, with plumes of white marabouts bent towards the crown, and placed in two different directions. The bonnet fastens carelessly under the chin, with broad lappets of blond. Leghorn hats, of the pilgrim shape, are becoming very general.

For opera and evening dresses, a new, light, and transparent article, called *Velo di Festa*, of the softest and most brilliant colours, is now introducing by Maynard and Pyne, of Ludgate-street. We have just seen a dress of this beautiful material, which is extremely well adapted for evening parties and visits.—The ground is of bright jonquil, figured with blossoms of coloured heath, of striking colours, delicately grouped together, forming a pattern resembling those sprigs that are on the cachemire shawls. Over the hem, at the border, is a broad, wadded *rouleau* of jonquil satin, surrounded by large puffs, of the same material as the dress, divided by palm-leaves, crossing the

divisions in an oblique direction; these leaves are of jonquil-satin, and edged round with a *rouleau* of *ponçeau* colour. The stomacher is formed of foliage and puffing to correspond with the skirt; the sleeves are short, and are of jonquil-satin.

White dresses of the finest India muslin are much in favour: the flounces are richly embroidered, with a row of satin-stitch and open-work surmounting the upper flounce; the *corsage* is made entirely of Urling's patent lace, and ornamented with ethereal blue riband. These elegant dresses are made low, and promise to be in high estimation at the commencement of summer. Married ladies, for the most part, wear dresses of striped *gros de Naples* for home costume; the new patterns are very beautiful, the ground and stripes being delicately and finely shaded: many of these dresses are made up with long white sleeves of Urling's lace.

A small Parisian cap is much in esteem for home costume: it is of blond, and lightly ornamented with field-flowers. Among the evening head-dresses, the newest is the Lausanne-cap, of pearl-coloured satin, and broad blond; the back part is finished in treillage-work of satin, in the Swiss style, crowned with marabout feathers. The Apollo cap of celestial-blue *tulle*, is much admired, as is also a lappet cornette of gauze, pink satin, and blond, of an extremely elegant and becoming shape; it is crowned with a beautiful half-wreath of flowers.

The favourite colours, are jonquil, rose, sapphire-blue, and pistachio.

THE PARISIAN TOILET.

THE annual procession on the Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday of Passion week, called *The Promenade of Long Champ*, was this year unusually brilliant, and drew forth the fair Parisians, of every rank, arrayed in all their finery, and every one seeming determined to be gay and merry. In former times, nuns from the neighbouring convent, which was called Long Champ, went in grand procession through the wood of Boulogne, and along the *Champs-Élysées*. This custom is still kept up by the Parisians, who resort thither in vast numbers; the rich sporting the most splendid equipages, while the sober

citizens, with their wives and families, promenade on foot; all vieing with each other in the cheerfulness of their looks, and the splendour of their attire. The Royal family, foreign ambassadors, and all the principal nobility and gentry, are here seen displaying their magnificence, and partaking in the general joy. The weather was this year truly delightful. In the carriages were seen a great number of handsome toilets. Contrary to custom, among our fair fashionables, there were but few hats of *paille de riz*, or rice-straw, but a great many of white *gros de Naples*, or white *crêpe*, trimmed at the border with Urling's patent lace. Robes of *gros de Naples* and taffeta, of a grey, lilac, or American-green colour, were most prevalent. Those of *Barège* silk were trimmed with a large puffing, resembling wolves-teeth. Pelisses were trimmed down the front, and all round, with bands of satin, forming crescents, or Maltese crosses.

Among the toilets which have struck us as being particularly remarkable, at the late spiritual concerts, we may mention a robe of Lyonesse stuff, the ground white, with branches of the palm-tree knit in the form of violets. This robe was ornamented round the bust with Brandenburgs and violet macaroons, in silk. With this robe was worn a large Bolivar-hat of white *crêpe*, ornamented with a sprig of violet. Many robes of grey lilac *crêpe* had the *corsage* in the form of drapery and plaited. The border of one of them was trimmed with a branch of the vine-tree: the leaves in satin, and the clusters in *crêpe*.

Leghorn hats are now becoming very general; their shape somewhat resembles the pilgrim's-hat; the brim is equally large, but narrower in front and behind. The ornaments consist of a branch of lilac, primroses, and Parma violets, mixed with marabouts. Some wear on these hats four cockades of watered ribands.

Spencers have now become very general over white dresses. Small dress-caps of blond, are much worn; they are ornamented with several detached roses, placed between the blond and puckerings. A new dress cap, called *la Rosière*, is much admired; it is made of white *crêpe gaufrée*; a wreath of woodbine falls over the left side, till it touches the lappet; and on the right is a large white rose.

THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

NIOBE.

STILL o'er yon rock-built towers the heavenly foe
Hovers in gloom, and bends the fatal bow ;
Still, as the arrows urge their vengeful speed,
Thy princes, Thebes, thy sons, Amphion, bleed.
Low lie the honours of that boasted race,
Youth's manly bloom and beauty's virgin grace,
And the last victim now, in wild despair,
Flies to her mother's breast—to perish there.
Closely she clings, her throbbing heart beats high,
And fear looks eager from her youthful eye.

Undaunted art! and could thy magic power
Recal the terrors of that dreadful hour,
Bid the cold stone with life and passion glow,
Pant with affright, and heave with silent woe?
Yes, at thy touch, the rugged mass grew warm,
And softening shrunk and melted into form;
O'er every feature spread the mimic pain,
And the pale parent liv'd and mourn'd again.

Earnest to save, but pow'rless to defend,
Still o'er her child the princess seem'd to bend,
As if she wish'd, ere yet the shaft had flown,
That tender frame might mingle with her own,
Till death no more his shuddering prey could trace,
So lost and buried in the firm embrace.
Stately her form, as when the wond'ring throng
Stood awed and breathless as she mov'd along,
When maddening in her pride and headlong ire,
Her fair cheek glowing with delirious fire;
Scorn in each glance that spoke her haughty mind,
Her long, loose tresses waving on the wind,
Sublime in impious majesty she came
To brave heaven's power, and mock Latona's name.

But quench'd in sorrow now that frenzy dies,
 Sadly they plead, those full, imploring eyes;
 E'en such a look some captive wretch would throw,
 Who ask'd, yet hop'd not, mercy from his foe.
 Where pride, though vanquish'd, lives, and strong desire,
 That lingers still, if hope itself expire.
 Fix'd and unchanging with her latest breath,
 Those lines of anguish shall conceal in death,
 When, charg'd with two-fold fate, the same bright dart
 Has pierc'd the child, and burst the mother's heart.
 With deep and stifling agony oppress,
 The pulse of life seems pausing in her breast;
 Set is her eye that speaks its latest prayer,
 Her soul, her being, seem suspended there;
 No sound, no sign, shall mark her dying pain,
 No deadening chill creep sluggish through her reins,
 Her mightier fate shall bear no faint delay,
 But lightning-like at once be seen and slay.

SONNET.—TO THE LARK.

BY J. M. LACEY.

How pleasing 'tis, at morning's earliest beam,
 To seek the path across the sheep-strewn plain,
 Or wander by the softly-flowing stream,
 And hear the lark pour fourth his simple strain;
 To see him soar on high with gladden'd wing,
 Now like a speck beheld, now seen no more;
 Yet though unseen, to hear the warbler still,
 Who, as the sound recedes, still seems to soar.
 Sweet bird! prolong thy tributary lay,
 To the Almighty source of every joy;
 Still at each dawn of summer's halcyon day,
 Let praise to him thy self-taught song employ!
 My humble pray'r shall join the grateful theme,
 And peace shall shed around her softest beam!

STANZAS.

BY MRS. C. B. WILSON.

WHEN pleasure strew'd my path with flowers, and life's gay
dream was new,
When Love led on the laughing hours, with happiness and you;
I little thought there e'er could be, throughout life's chequer'd
day,
An hour when that bright eye from me would coldly turn away.

I sigh o'er many a vanish'd scene of rapture and delight,
O'er many a spot that once has been with mirth and pleasure
bright;
And many a joy I once have known, fond memory traces o'er,
And mourns such moments now are flown, and can return no
more.

There's not a pang through life's bleak days, like that which
wrings the mind,
When friends fall off, and love decays and leaves no trace
behind;
There's not a tear so bitter shed throughout life's varied range,
As that which mourns o'er friendship fled, and weeps affection's
change.

The tears that fall o'er those who sleep the dreamless sleep of
death,
'Tis luxury, not pain, to weep; and gentle is the breath
That Sorrow breathes upon the urn, of those who lowly lie;—
Who ne'er through life gave cause to mourn, or woke one bitter
sigh.

For oh!—when those we love depart, and leave our mortal earth,
We hope in Heav'n to share the heart, whose loss gives sorrow
birth;
But when we weep o'er love destroy'd, or friendship's broken
chain,
We ne'er can hope to fill the void, or join the links again.

A FRAGMENT.

—————In Heaven the stars
Were mounted on their golden cars,
And coursing the empyreal height,
Like sunny barks on seas of light!
Oh! who of mortal birth can see
The flaming phalanx of the skies,
Its march of solemn Majesty—
Its twinkling beams—its thousand eyes—
But on Imagination's wings,
He soars above all earthly things,
And, in sublimest visions lost,
Ascends among the starry host,
Their tracts of shadowy glory trace,
And runs with them their radiant race.
In that blue depth there is a voice
Which whispers to his inmost soul,
He hears the morning stars rejoice
As round the solar blaze they roll,
And, gazing on the ennobling scene—
All thoughts of earth indignant spurning—
The Omnipotent thus dimly seen—
And Heaven's own lamps around him burning.
He inly pants to be away,
And lost in its immensity.
'Tis then that Life seems dearly bought,
And Death in such an hour were nought!
For who, when from such trance divine—
While yet its visions dimly shine—
His thoughts come tingling back again
To Earth, and all its care and pain,
Feels not his prison's fettering wall,
And all its bars grate on his soul?

Were Heaven a bright, unreal dream,
And all that Saints and Sages tell
Of glories o'er its fields that stream,
And voices through its arch that swell,
Delusion, and its idle tale,

Oh! 'twere enough for us to know
That when mortality's thick veil
Drops, the freed spirit forth shall go
In light and Liberty, and high
On seraph-plume shall swiftly soar,
And find in the illumined sky
A resting-place for evermore!—
Shall think on Earth, and Time, and Space,
As of some dull, evanished things,
Which Memory can but faintly trace;
And rising on undrooping wings,
Wander sublimely through the maze
By forms celestial only trod,
And deem that scarce more glorious rays
Could sparkle round the throne of God!

STANZAS.

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF A POCKET-BIBLE, PRESENTED TO A
LITTLE BOY.

By Mrs. C. B. Wilson, author of "Astarte," &c.

ACCEPT, dear boy, a gift most pure,
(Though worldlings lightly deem its worth ;)
A gift whose value will endure,
While Virtue holds a shrine on earth!

I do not to thine infant eyes,
Bring tinsel'd toys—to folly dear;
Convinced, in time, thou'lt better prize
The real treasures centred here!

All seasons suit this sacred page,
This holy lamp, of heavenly truth ;
'Twill cheer the tottering steps of age,
And guide the erring feet of youth.

When the warm tear that dims thine eye,
Weeps friendship lost—or ill-repaid;
When chill'd affection wakes to sigh,
O'er Hope deceiv'd—or Love betray'd.

Then, Henry! turn this soothing page,
And find a solace for thy care;
That can Life's darkest ills assuage,
And calm the tortures of despair!

And as thou feel'st thy bosom glow,
Thou'lt own its healing truths were giv'n,
A foretaste of those joys below,
That will be realiz'd in Heav'n!

APOLOGY FOR MY GARDEN.

THE jessamine, sweet-briar, woodbine, and rose,
Are all that the west of my garden bestows;
And all on the east that I have or desire,
Are the woodbine and jessamine, blush-rose, and briar:
For variety, little could add to the scent,
And the eye wants no change where the heart is content.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. Lacey's favours have been received and approved.

W. G. King's last and former communications are received, and under consideration.

In reply to the enquiry of Miss M. L. R. we beg to state that the paper alluded to was duly received and approved; and only waits its turn for insertion—

In answer to the request from Tysoe-street, we must refer to our later numbers, for our practice during the current year.

Harriet will hear from us privately.

Has our friend in the vicinity of Grosvenor Square, forgotten us?—

Nemo—L. D.—and Rachel, are received.

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Painted by Wageman.

Engraved by W. B. Smith.

Charles Mathews, Esq.

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